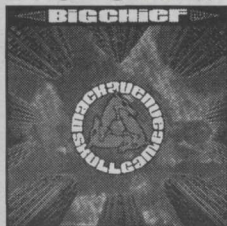


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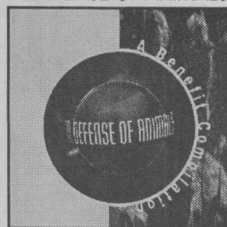
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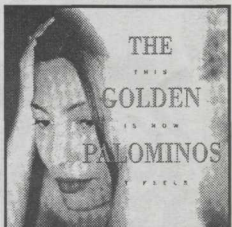
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GOLDEN PALOMINOS



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ON
TOUR
THIS
MONTH

VANCOUVER
@ COMMODORE BALLROOM
8 ME MOM & MORGENTHAUER
@ TOWN PUMP
7 BIG CHIEF & SIX FINGER SATELLITE
13 VELOCITY GIRL

2 PITCHBLENDE & THE COCKTAILS
@ CRUEL ELEPHANT
9 BLISS
15 GRIFTERS
@ 86th St. Music Hall
16 BAD RELIGION & SEAMEED
14 SHUDDER TO THINK

VICTORIA
@ HARPO'S
4 THE COCKTAILS
10 ME MOM & MORGENTHAUER
13 REVEREND HORTON HEAT





OCTOBER 1993 - ISSUE #129

"AARGHHHHHHHHH!!!!!! NO! NO! NO! Don't fucking do this to me! *Not again!!!*" - Kelowna, after trying unsuccessfully for the 27th time to use the Apple Scan at 4:22 in the morning. "Mah-Nah-Mah-Nah!"

REGULARS

AIRHEAD.....	7
MY LIFE WITH THE FAMILY ENNDYE.....	7
SHINDIG COLUMN.....	8
VIDEOFILTER.....	12
FUTURE RAP.....	21
MEKANICAL OBJECT NOIZE.....	21
VANCOUVER SPECIAL.....	23
T.....	24
REALLIVE ACTION.....	25
UNDER REVIEW.....	27
MOFO'S PIX.....	29
SPINLIST.....	30
DATEROOM.....	33
ON THE DIAL.....	34

IRREGULARS

WHEN A TREE FALLS.....	10
POETRY.....	10
TRUMAN SWATER.....	
Nice place to visit but don't drink the.....	13
JEAN SMITH.....	
I can hear me fine.....	13
JULIANA HATFIELD.....	
Rock diva for the slacker generation?.....	15
SEX IN THE 90'S.....	
Bondage in Japan.....	17
HELMET.....	
The long lost Helmet interview.....	18

COVER

Cover by Seattle artist Ward Sutton. It's spooky, it's weird. Happy Halloween! Be sure to check those apples kids.

COMICS

CHIPMUNKS and SQUIRRELS by Michael Aushenker.....	7
EVERYTHING'S DUCKY by Blaine Thuermer.....	11
A COMIC POTPOURRI by numerous talented people.....	31

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Canada. Discorder prints what it wants to, including the CTR on The Dial program guide and the CTR Spinlist playlist charts. Circulation is 20,000 copies distributed free to over 280 locations. 12-month subscriptions are \$15 in Canada, \$15 (US) to the states, and \$24 elsewhere, except Holland where we sort Discorder free of charge. Single issues are worth \$2 to you (not covering the postage...and our coke habit). Please make cheques or monies payable to Discorder Magazine or to the Editor.

Deadline for submissions is the 7th of the month. Discorder wants your stuff; send it our way and if we like it we'll use it. If not, we'll love it. Submissions are accepted in one of the three following modes: On Disk, Typed or Printed.

"Dude!!...Danger"

CTR 101.9 FM is 1800 watts of neuritic bliss from UBC in Langley, Squamish, and points beyond. We're also on all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland except Shaw in White Rock.

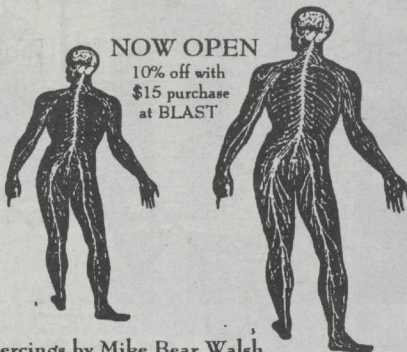
Discorder is 40 pages of stuff which we thought was progressively getting stronger with each issue, but with newfound realization we have accepted our mediocrity. It is still put together by an overworked and underpaid staff of elitist snoot who used to know everything and anything about everything you didn't...and now with legal counsel we know how far we can go in having the right to not tell you anything. We've had the meaning of "alternative" sealed in an effery chocolate Quik(TM) can...but we sold it to Perry Farrell, and look what he's done to it.

Office hours for CTR, Mobile Sound, and Discorder are Monday-Friday 10-4. Call CTR DJ line @ (604) 822-CTTR, our office @ 822-3027, our news @ 822-2474, fax us @ 822-CTTR @ (604) 822-9364, or write: Discorder #235-5136 518 Boulevard Vancouver, BC, CANADA V6T 1Z1

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and the Evaporators



The Smugglers c/o 2874 Bellevue Ave., West Vancouver, BC
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THINGS CONSUMED WHILE DEALING WITH THIS MONTH: 10 1/2 Bagels with dill cream cheese, 4 Greek Salads (spoons not included), 3 Brios, 4 Cokes, 3 1/4 Beers, 4 slices of Pizza, 10 pieces of Twizzlers (Honest Anthony, I DO know the Hemlich maneuver), 17 pieces of crumpled paper and 1 computer keyboard.

DIS-ORDERLY

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SUBSCRIPTIONS/MAIL DISTRIBUTION Linda Scholten
TECHNICAL SUPPORT Copyright Macintosh II and its waay fucked System 7 & stuff, late night music, coffee breaks, wispfy fog and the 2-4-5 bus.
LEGAL COUNSEL/PUBLISHER: Chris Buchanan
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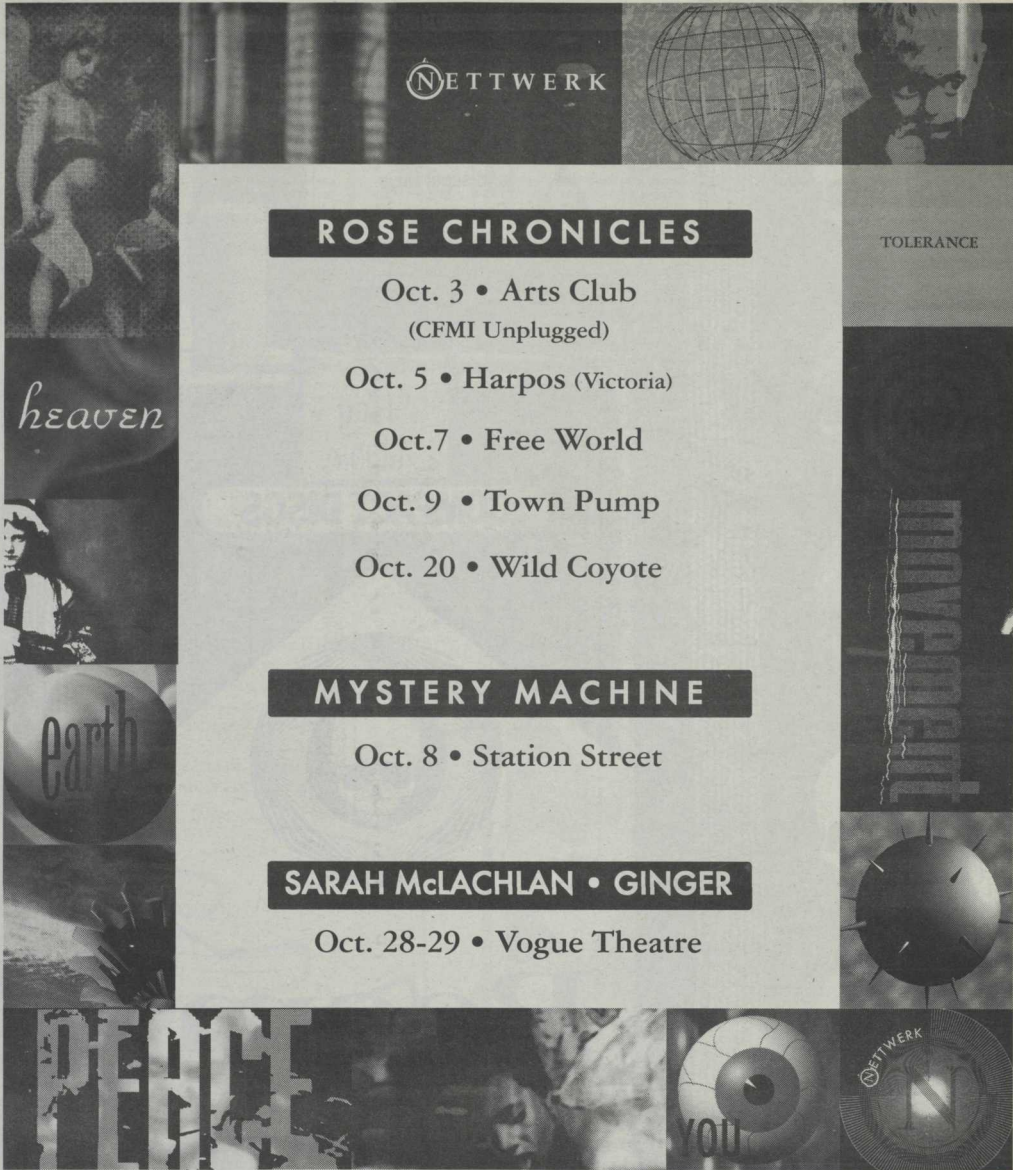
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NETWORK

ROSE CHRONICLES

Oct. 3 • Arts Club
(CFMI Unplugged)

Oct. 5 • Harpos (Victoria)

Oct. 7 • Free World

Oct. 9 • Town Pump

Oct. 20 • Wild Coyote

MYSTERY MACHINE

Oct. 8 • Station Street

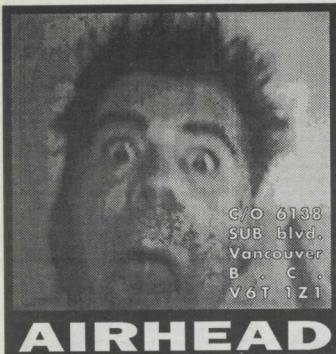
SARAH McLACHLAN • GINGER

Oct. 28-29 • Vogue Theatre

TOLERANCE

MOVEMENT

NETWORK



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About a week ago, I was unfortunate enough to sit on a FACTOR grant jury. They call it a jury because the possible fate, destiny or career enhancement of the applicants for these grants lie in the hands of a three-to-five person panel of local "in-the-knows," as selected by the regional representative to FACTOR (Foundation to Assist Canadian Talent On Records). There are seven regional reps across the country, however some regions refrain from jurying certain grants of music because FACTOR believes that certain regions may not have enough knowledgeable or competent people to judge that particular genre of music. For example, the Regina region of FACTOR does not jury a "World Beat" category. You can therefore draw the conclusion that there are not three people in the 300,000+ population of Regina to competently critique World Beat music. This I find quite ludicrous, and this is part and parcel where some of the problems lie within the FACTOR adjudication process.

Because I have the "distinguished"

job of editing an alternative music magazine I was selected to jury the "Alternative Rock" applicants—a connection, but a very weak one at that. However, the decision for which genre the artist actually fits into is selected by the artists themselves beforehand; there is, therefore, some discrepancy as to whether or not that artist should be in their selected category. Regardless, a jury sits and listens to submitted demo tapes and, to make a long story short, determines whether or not that artist is worthy of a grant. This is an even bigger problem. Actually, it's the principle of the matter which really has me embittered.

Before a decision can be made as to whether or not the applicant artist will be the recipient of a grant, the jury must reach a unanimous decision. In most cases the jury doesn't. What takes place next is the presentation of individual theses from the judges as to why the artist in question should or should not receive a FACTOR grant. Simply, one person is trying their best to convince another that "Band A" should/shouldn't receive a grant, "Band

B" should/shouldn't...and so on. The sad part about this whole debate is that if your demo just happens to be judged on a day when a ratio of the judges are in a bad mood, or they don't care for your brand of music, your kisser will be back on the street basking for change at the transit stop.

I'm not writing this because I have any solutions or insight to the process of distributing grants, I'm just taking this opportunity to remind you that compensating your principles will get you nowhere. I could have chose to not sit on the FACTOR grant jury. I should have chose to not sit on the FACTOR grant jury. It was not an honor. It was not fun. And I apologize for using this particular situation as a learning experience.

Paul L. Brooks

FACTOR
125 George St.
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Toronto, Ontario
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(416) 368-8678

LIFE WITH FAMILY ENEMY

Oh, you've written, I'm so glad I've been in an intellectual desert lately, due to too much of my own company: Try as I might, I cannot amuse me lately. Thank you so much I've never had a postcard from Siberia before. So they think you have the soul of a Russian, do they? If someone here told a foreigner that they had the soul of a Canadian, it would be tantamount to 'comparing their spirituality to a gerbil, or vanilla pudding mix! But the soul of a Russian—WOW!! and I'm glad the room in your hotel has a 50 foot ceiling. Plenty of room for thought and alcoholic hallucinations. I don't know about you, but my halcyon nations come in like talk—I hope that your subsequent postcards from Russia continue to contain not a single description of the country, but rather more of the impact, the impression, that you make on the Russians you meet. One should always be very centre-stage in the play of one's life. It's the saving grace of being born: Instant stardom! And if no one else recognizes that you are clearly the core of the group, that is because they are too busy watching their own play. So, my darling, in return for your commitment, that I am "like spring sunshine on a motorway smash-up," I give you this: he who travels widely, does so in order to give the largest amount of people a chance to tell him about himself. How are your "Angel" boots holding up? Did you know they are made of Soviet leather? I read about it in the Georgia Straight after you had's gone (my dear you have the soul of a Russian!) You know, postcards are skimpy reading. That is why I'm sending you a real 2 page card, to show you up for being so skimpy, and to provoke you into writing a full-page note with an envelope! I'm so happy you are having so much fun! Please begin your next letter with the words "I'm sorry for the dreadful skimpiness of my first postcard, but I've been terribly busy feeding and clothing the poor," etc., etc., etc. Lady Di Enndye





Shindig



Happy day! CTR's traditionally up-in-the-air competition has begun. Twenty-seven bands, three rounds, and too many jokes. Shindig returns to the Railway Club every Tuesday night, featuring three local acts, battling it out for the sake of pride, prestige and prizes. Who will be the winner of forty-eight hours of eight track recording time courtesy of Deadbeat and Renegade studios? Forty-eight hours of sixteen track recording time at Downtown Sound Studio and a huge Mothers Music gift certificate? And who will walk away with forty-eight hours of twenty-four track recording time courtesy of Mushroom and Bullfrog studios, and an opening slot on a Perrycoope bill? Find out at Shindig! With an M.C. like Garnet Timothy Harry, between the likes of Mr. Grey, and celebrities such as Rupert L. Brooks constantly milking their beers, can you afford not to be there? Vancouver's favourite tube-streak queens, Liane, is waiting outside, cold-chillin' with the hot dogs, and she aims to please. Don't be late, the action gets underway every Tuesday night at 10:15. Shindig, the Railway, and you. It's all so beautiful!

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14: Got a life they told me: I was moping around and becoming a very big pain in the ass. Taking long trips, neglecting my editorial duties and sitting by myself on the cold curbside of 7-11 parking lots, nursing a cola/grape/orange Slurpee until all hours of the morning. I was a mess. I was reeling from the effects of girl problems. I was writing poetry, wearing the same clothes and more concerned about my hair than vacuuming my bedroom... But now I'm a Shindig judge and life has drastically changed. I mope around the Railway Club with a Shafsbury Dark Ale in my clammy grip looking for a lonely stool to perch my hyacinth upon until all hours of the morning. Writing comments about the performances of the band on each particular night. I'm more concerned about my hair than I am the punchline of the long-winded joke I'll stumble to the mic and tell.

Shindig is my saviour.

A year ago Shindig gods could only hope for the sound to be half as

good as it is now. Things are clear, audible and discernible—who would've guessed? This, by the way, is the key in listening to bands and, in turn, makes the job of judging a whole lot easier. The air hangs a little less heavy with smoke (people do die from lung cancer, believe it) and the Rail Club atmosphere is friendly and courteous as usual. Gann, the Master of Ceremonies and honorary member of the Road Boners (a 4-man wrecking/bowling crew that will take on anybody, anywhere, anytime. Call me @ 822-3107 and we'll roll), is almost too comfortable in his element, scolding young punks, declining joke-tellers and comforting those who got booed off the stage.

Here's the lowdown: Spiritual Heroine placed a disappointing and surprising first, Strain came in second and Ripple rounded things off in third place. This means that Spiritual Heroine advances to the semi-final round which will take place about three years down the road! Here, in paraphrases, is what I wrote on that night:

To their benefit (or not), **Ripple** sound like the best of years for **June's** Addition. Although seemingly trying too hard at times to sound like paid band, Ripple add an increased and slightly more innovative style to a sound that can distinguish an original act from a bottom-feeding palium-pop commercial success. Ripple are neither of these. Slick and hypnotic discs, driven by an incandescent rhythm section combined with a vocal meandering which, no matter how annoying, makes for a band with a lot of potential... so long as they keep their tone clean and avoid the trap of listening to the radio and trying to sound like their influences.

A great comment was made to me as I was trying to think of something to write about **Strain**: "A band like this doesn't need a lead singer." Now you can interpret that in one of two ways: the music is strong enough to stand on its own or the lead singer adds nothing to an already powerful, or inaudible, sound. In **Strain's** case I think the sound is dated by a failed attempt at capturing the aggression of youth. This sound limit itself only by its style. Great musicianship. Individually they could probably come up with some interesting and original ideas.

I found **Spiritual Heroine** to be very uninspired, lacking any original motivation and in dire need of a gimmick. Did I hear B-52s? Patti Smith? *Paul L. Brooks*

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21: I guess it's an unrealistic dream to go to Shindig nights expecting a pleasant surprise. On this occasion, Railway

dwellers were exposed to not one, not two... but three utterly hopeless bands; all devoid of any justifiable reason to exist. Things were so grim that the judges must have had a troubled time spotting anything remotely positive to encourage these people to build on. The performers this night didn't even have the tender ages that might render such a fiasco as forgivable. If the judges saw things as I did, they could only make their weighty decisions based on how amusing and absurdly pathetic the delivery of each band was.

Gracing the stage first was **Ashes**. What has middle 80's earnest-guy college rock wrought? Their singer was this pseudo-pirate grasshopper-cum-graveyard-porn-video boncho who wore inspired tales of little man nothingness punctuated by countless yelps of "Let's go!" that consistently sent into Skynyrdian high-schoolish guitar solos. The other axe maniac flailed with such reckless abandon I bet it was just like the first time he made love to himself with the family out of the house. His intensity really choked me up. They are no Windwalkers.

Next was **Hugo**, a depressing, pre-fabricated, assbait sludge gothic-rock power trio. They were partly redeemed by the utterly useless vocals of the chorling guitarist he didn't seem to have a clue about anything! The evening's sole bright spot! The remaining two thirds of Hugo were just too wacky for their own good. The drummer's obvious pride in his Cindy Brady yousy-blondie dreadlocks and the bassdude's greasy Redbone stylings made me wish the only prize these jerks could win would be one-way tickets to Bob Berrella's basement. Ironically, Hugo went for the laughs but proved to be nowhere near as funny as the first band. Needless to say, they are no Custer Than Spunky.

Last up and last place was **Wretched Ethyl**, a revolting smile-a-plenty shall-core new wavish trio. There was nothing funny about this group. I suppose of the three, they most closely resemble a band that might actually play a show in a non-Shindig environment. Well, guys, don't let it happen around here! I bet they'd like you in Calgary.

In a better world, none of these three would get to re-create their nightmare on any stage anywhere ever again. But in this world we are blessed with the open and giving sweepstakes that is the Shindig Lottery. Hugo will appear in the semi-finals. If you happen to be there, accidentally spill a drink on one (or more) of their cheering section... sorry but they are.

Emma Kuck

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WHEN A TREE FALLS

by Angus Wilson (with thanks to Bootsie Sloan)

This was going to be an article on an upsetting environmental "event" occurring minutes away from the headquarters of CTR and Disorder, but it has developed into something a bit more philosophical in the process of writing it. Nonetheless I must begin by informing you, the reader of these pages, just what this "event" is, and was philosophic from there...

A FEW YEARS AGO, the mighty powers that be at this bloated corporate university shook hands with the National Research Council's Institute for Machinery Research (NRC and IMR Respectively), and decided to plunk a building down just south of 16th and East Mall, in an area of 70 year old second growth forest best known as the University Endowment Lands.

University representatives refused to discuss the location of the site in a public process due to deadline pressures (after three years), so with almost no public announcement or meeting, an access road was cleared in early June, and this provoked a response of biblical proportions.

By biblical proportions, I of course refer to David and Goliath. While plenty of people of the

community from professors to students pay lip service to saving the trees, myself included, a paltry few actually had the guts to stop the logging of what's left of UBC's tree stand by actually being there, quite literally, up a tree. Over the summer, plagued by bugs and flying squirrels, the protesters tottered on the edge of victory, particularly when, in July, the UBC Board of Governors instructed the administration to find an alternative site within the existing campus. But by late August, the administration had convinced the provincial government that the south campus site was best, and soon the area was fenced off, and in mid September, the protesters were told they were trespassers, and to quote a rory media advisory I was sent by UBC Media Relations Manager Steve Crombie, "We have informed the protesters that we are proceeding with the site preparation and have asked them to leave. We have fenced off the work site to ensure safety and posted 'No Trespassing' signs."

I GUESS THE BIG DEAL from where I stand is both the direct impact of clearing yet more acres of trees from what has been a very special green belt separating these hallowed halls from the real world of the big Terminal city, and the more intrinsic problems of accountability and what role the average person can expect to have in these sorts of decisions. UBC is not responsible to the public the way a municipality is because theoretically not enough people live here to warrant consideration.

The "mini-Clayoquot" (as some media types refer to this particular protest) at UBC is only another example, another symptom of a larger ill affecting both this University, and yes, you guessed it, society as a whole. Rather than tell you about the fact that here, in Super Natural British Columbia, we clear nearly five acres of land per minute, or brag up with disturbing statistics about what's left of the old growth forest (or second growth, for that matter), I would like to draw your attention to a more subtle crisis, a crisis of the way we behave and think.

What is a University about? We seem to be brought up to believe it's where you go to get a good job, pay your taxes, have 1.9 children

and a picket fence. Needless to say, this factory/production line idea is simply not true, especially seeing as there are so few picket fence jobs out there right now. Historically speaking, University was a place for scholars and not for credentialists; most of us are here to get a degree, and not to learn, which is tragic. More tragic still is how the University administrators look upon their domain: a big pork barrel. I find the University's conduct over the \$12 Million IMR highly dubious, and there are numerous other examples of this, too many to list, but the end result has been a University increasingly interested in research contracts, endless building expansion, and less and less concern with the actual research and learning access of the students and the instructors. Hey, wait a minute... that sounds an awful lot like our society as a whole, doesn't it? Go figure. I know, I know, you've heard the cliché before and there's nothing you can do about all this so you're going to stop reading right now.

Still with me? There are things you can do; I mean who is the "University," anyway? The COUP protesters can use any support you can give, from legal advice to donations to even coming by and helping out. More importantly, write the government—this IMR facility isn't even for University students—and you should tell your elected representatives why you're disturbed that the University is run by a dozen people.

THE POINT IS THAT it's up to you to decide who's in charge of this University and this society. I know that sounds really cheesy, but it's all we got, baby. One irrefutable fact that is wonderful about our 1st nation is politicians hate to sweat, and assuming nothing is true about infantile conspiracy theories about Freemasons or the CIA, freedom of speech is actually still respected, despite the size of our shopping malls. I gotta stop now, before I get too honey sweet, but just remember that maybe twenty people have held off our dear University of Booming Corporations for four months, legal action and all. Don't believe it's the last stand of tree take, either.

The University's latin motto is "Tuam Est," meaning "it's yours." Isn't it time we remind them of that?

FEBRUARY 5-7

The wind was vacantly swept across the heating place. Gently it touched her skin and played games with her hair. Understandably, this place was relatively serene, those were the only type of places she went. It had been a long day, and she could hear the river calling her. The cracking ice shouted to her, beckoning her to release her anger, her fear, her hate.

And so she walked. She walked down to the bank—her feet padding along, sinking bare into the cold mud. How beautiful she felt—her pain was escaping as she stood at the skin of the river. The water swirled over top of the ice and under again. Large chunks of crystallized ice passed her, slowly melting and becoming a part of the water again. She smiled to herself. So this is what death will be like for me, she thought. Biting her lips, she walked into the frigid liquid. After a few steps, she felt nothing. Nothing. The water was a clear dress as she reached to where it was over her shoulders. I love you, she whispered as she shivered with delight.

Her head ached with sadness—not for her death—but for him. She loved him, and he once felt love for her. He had loved her pale skin, her flowing auburn hair, her green eyes and her weak, shaped limbs. But he never loved her mind, her ideas, her cries.

She floated now. Blackness was all around and she could feel air escaping from her mouth and nose as she was carried away.

Not a sound was made in pain. Only the sound of the wind flowing across the prairie left her lips—as if it was the wind, snatching her soul for good.

Ellie Predika

GOODYEAR BLIMP

I RETURNED SOME MOVIES, AND WAS RUNNING DOWN THE ROAD HOME, AND I LOOKED UP, AND I SAW A BIG STUPID THING IN THE SKY.

IT WAS THE GOODYEAR BLIMP. I DIDN'T KNOW WE HAD ONE. I HAD TO SHOW IT TO SOMEBODY, IT LOOKED SO STUPID, SO I TURNED TO THIS CHINESE LADY RINDING HER OWN BUSINESS AT THE BUS STOP, AND SAID, LOOK AT THAT THING.

SHE GOT UP, SHE LOOKED, AND SAID, WHAT'S IT FOR?

GOOD QUESTION. I RAN OFF, RAN TO WORK, HALFWAY THERE, A CAMARO PULLS UP, HE SAYS, WHERE'S THE GIRLS? I SAYS, YOU'RE ON THE WRONG SIDE OF MAIN, GO THATTAWAY, BUDDY. HE SAYS YOURS OK, I'M FROM CALGARY, AND I GOT 250 BUCKS. HOW ABOUT IT? NO WAY. HE WAS AN UUGUUGLY MAN.

SOMETIMES I GET UNUSUALLY PARANOID, EVEN FOR THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD, AND THINK, ONE DAY I'M GOING TO BE IN THE KINGSGATE MALL ON WELFARE DAY WHEN THEY GOT THEIR MONTHLY BIG SALE ON, WHEN THE PLACE IS JUST PACKED, AND THEY'RE GOING TO JUST LOCK THE DOORS AND START SHOOTING. Isabella Legosi Mori

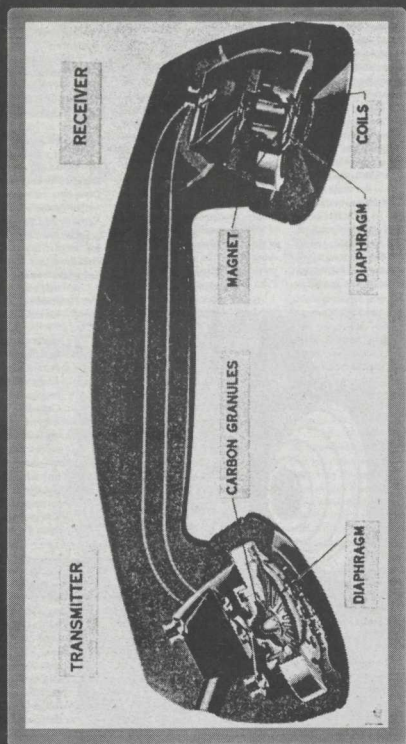
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Video Philter



TANIA BOLSKAYA

After September's side trip to TV-land, I needed something clear and uplifting to chat about in my humble little column. It is true that I was the one defending the tube, but even the variety of dishes can leave a funny taste in your mouth. The Vancouver International Film Festival (VIFF) is that my Extra (or like sugar-free, chlorophyll-activated breath gum) cleansing the stale odours left behind by my last meal.

Always misty fresh, the Vancouver International Film Festival makes its twelfth appearance on the screens of our home town this year and once again it epitomises all that is astoundingly wonderful about living in this city. Though the festival is of adequate size to draw big names and quality films, it is small enough that it hasn't been destroyed by lost vision or enthusiasm-numbing bureaucracy. Large enough to encompass so many screens you could not possibly see every flick, it comes nowhere close to the proportions of TO (the Big Prince's Festival of Festivals during which the average movie-loving citizen has a better chance of being run over by David Foster than getting a seat at a screening of a popular entry. And though the VIFF organizers claim that they've "started to market the festival in a more aggressive, non-Canadian way," the extent of this self-declared sell-out is "having trendier T-shirts, [having] a tie designed, and [making] a trailer" that is being run in theatres around Vancouver.

The most endearing aspect of the VIFF's "Vancouverness" is their continued devotion to the off-beat, the international, and the untied. Again shunning all Hollywood blockbuster extravaganzas (unlike the aforementioned Festival of Festivals), the 230 films that will be screened here between October 1st and October 17th have been carefully selected on the basis of a number of criteria (excellence, accessibility, interest) of which American studio involvement would have tallied in the "against" column. Last year, Festival Director Alan Franey admitted that this was in part a scheme to distance Vancouver from other film festivals in order to create a special niche and therefore draw more national and international attention to the efforts of the VIFF instead of competing as the pale

imitation of festivals already well established.

The other side of this desire to highlight the unit stems from an obvious desire on the part of the VIFF's organizers to demonstrate how provocative, how cathartic, and how beneficial to humanity film can be. This typically west-coast agenda is hinted at in the overall feel of the festival, but it is stated blatantly in the descriptions of two of the featured series.

"Children of Fate" is one of those programmes. Last year, the VIFF included for the first time, with little certainty of its popularity, a series exclusively comprised of documentaries. Happily for both lovers of truth cinema and the series programmer, it was well received and attended to warrant an annual return.

Says Director Franey, "Documentaries are very often a hard sell in festivals as they are in regular theatrical release. Canada has a long history of excellence in the documentary field and Canada has needed a showcase for documentary films. We're very happy that we can confidently take that role, based on the success of last year's programme."

The guiding tenet behind the selection of films for the "Children of Fate" series was the interest of the programmers in "the new approaches to ethical issues and to the singular question of how life can be lived more fully in the face of circumstances beyond our control." Fascinatingly, the panel found that "the pursuit of happiness and 1980's definitions of success are clearly being radically re-examined by the documentary filmmakers of 1993." (Tell that to the publicity mongers at the Toronto festival)

Not content to just show the movies, take the receipts, and run,

the VIFF has solicited visits from many of the visionary people behind the cameras so that the filmmakers can discuss their work in person. Nettie Wild and Alanis Obomsawin are two such participants and both have created controversial films focused on first peoples issues that will inevitably be discussed (and brawl) starters everywhere.

Obomsawin's *Kanehsatake: 270 years of Resistance* examines the 1990 Oka crisis in Quebec while, closer to home but no less explosive, Wild's *Blackade* focuses on the clash between loggers and Gitksan natives in northern B.C.

Clear on the other end of the rainbow, yet just as golden, are the motives behind the inclusion of the "Dream Machines" series. The VIFF booked the hugely screened *Vogue Theatre*, probed Vancouver's cinephile community for the movies that made a deep impression on them as a child, obtained prints of the most popular choices, test-screened them with some authentic modern youths to ascertain that the pictures had staying power, and contacted school boards and teachers in various Vancouver communities, all in order to "encourage families to see films on the large screen and partici-

pat in what used to be a way of life." Well, I ain't but a kid myself (overgrown as I may be) so you can be sure that I'll be doing some participating of my own when such classics as *The Thief of Baghdad*, *Frankenstein*, *The Hunchback of*

Notre Dame, and swashbuckler of all swashbucklers *The Adventures of Robin Hood* come to town. If there is one thing Vancouver can be said to be lacking in, it is its repository cinema. This chance to see classics of the glittering years of Hollywood on the silver screen, as their makers intended them to be seen, cannot be passed up.

One of the shiver-inspiring aspects of the annual advent of the VIFF is the opportunity the festival provides to see films, and therefore alien perceptions, that otherwise would never find their way through the optic receptors to the psyche. This is not an aspect that will be in much evidence on the evening of the first ever tribute to Second City Television (SCTV). However, the "Canadian Images" series programmer, Alison Vermeir insists that "this glittering landmark occasion" has been set up to honour "an outstanding contribution to film comedy" that has been made to the world by the alumni of SCTV. Hosted by the ever charming CBC DJ Brent Bamburgh, the tribute will feature a panel of stars so bright, so talented, and so Canadian, you may not want to ask them any questions at all but instead invite them over to your basement

obviously have too many engagements to corral out and placate its country cousins) will be interspersed with clips from the "legendary" Canadian television show. After the "In Conversation" portion of the evening, the mildly amusing *Groundhog Day*, written, produced, and directed by Mr. Rams, will be screened. Apparently *Stripes*, *Honey I Shrunk the Kids*, *Uncle Buck*, and *Home Alone* were already reserved that day.

If Canadian kitch isn't your mood *du jour*, the "Dragons and Tigers" series will provide ample selection of a more exotic nature. Continuing in their "long term commitment to East Asian cinema," the VIFF has an astoundingly good selection of films in this programme, especially considering the current popularity of cinema from this market and the fierce world-wide competition for prints that goes on between the various festivals. "East Asian films have become the flavour of the month at festivals," notes Franey. "Starting in Venice in Spring of 1992, almost all the prize winners of the major awards have been East Asian films." In addition to these previously acclaimed works, like *Palm D'Or* co-winner *Farewell to*

exciting of all, according to Franey, "is the representation from young Chinese independent directors who represent a 6th or 7th generation of Chinese filmmakers [and who are] breaking with the traditions of the past." Typical of this new wave of directors is Zhang Yuen whose *Mona* was a VIFF entry in 1992. This year he offers *Beijing Backwards* which starts Chinese pop sensation Cui Jian and "glides from documentary to fiction to fantasy while following the travails of a group of young people in the rock music scene."

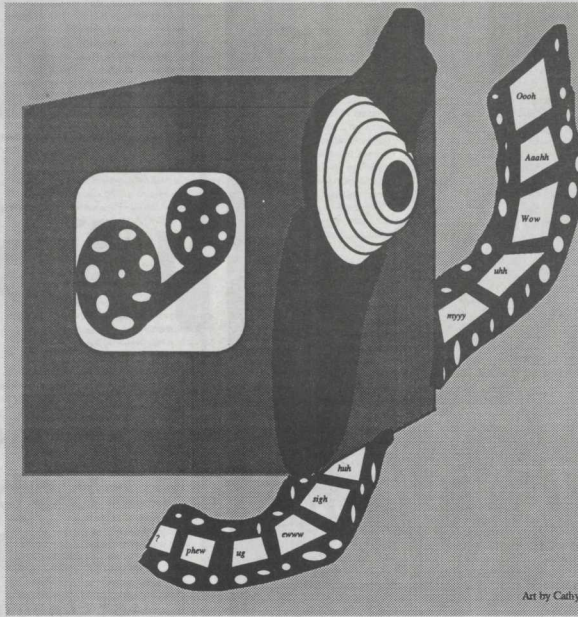
Eastern Asia is but one geographic location represented by this year's VIFF. Featured again is the "Cinema of Our Time" series in which such unlikely and disparate countries as Iran, Portugal, and Bosnia have entries. Of particular interest to world events enthusiasts is *So-Life*, a compilation of footage shot in the former Yugoslavia by a variety of filmmakers and put together by director Adem Kenovic. *So-Life* made a popular run of the international festival circuit last year. In time to send VIFF attendees into the frontlines, Kenovic has reworked and updated

the film to provide an immediate picture of life in the ravaged republic.

Back on the escapist side of the barbed wire, the VIFF will bring Jane Campion's *The Piano* to Vancouver screens for its western Canadian debut. The story of a mute mail order bride who is shipped to New Zealand, *The Piano* was the first female recipient of Cannes' Palme d'Or and has received only positive press in its subsequent global tour.

With 233 entries, every damn person who lives in this metropolis should be able to seek out and view a film pleasing to their tastes. To better facilitate making sense of the whole shebang, VIFF schedulers are available at participating theatres (Vancouver Centre, The Caprice, The Ridge, The Vogue, The Hollywood, and the Pacific Cinematheque). Those citizens fortunate enough to have a lucrative income can purchase the GoldPass (admission to all screenings excluding gala) for \$175. The rest of us can buy a package of ten tickets for \$50 or a daytime pass (admission to all matinees) for \$50. At \$7.00, single tickets are still a buck less than regular theatre prices. Seniors and disabled folks get a discount.

If you don't like movies, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING READING MY COLUMN, YOU MASOCHIST??? If they're your lifeline to another, and better written, universe, Oct. 1-17 is the time you will be witnessing with the stars.



Art by Cathy

for Hockey Night in Canada and a brew or two. Q&A with the likes of Joe Flaherty, Andrea Martin, Harold Ramis, Martin Short, and David Hughes (Catherine O'Hara and Eugene Levy have yet to confirm and Rick Moranis and John Candy

My *Concubine*, Berlin top honours co-winners *The Wedding Banquet* and *Women From the Lake of Scattered Souls*, and Cannes first film winner *The Scent of Green Papaya*, are a large number of world and international premieres. But most

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING READING MY COLUMN, YOU MASOCHIST??? If they're your lifeline to another, and better written, universe, Oct. 1-17 is the time you will be witnessing with the stars.



At the Homestead Records showcase in New York I got a chance to see one of my favorite bands, **Truman's Water**. Also on the bill were Babe the Blue Ox, who put on an excellent live show—faith healers all the way—and Pony, who also deserves a good word for churning out enjoyable ditties. But then Truman's Water blew the roof of the gig with the most energetic live show I've ever seen. The whole audience (which included such NY luminaries as S.M., Marjane Azalia Small, and a Columbia A.R. guy) seemed to be in awe and dumbstruck. After the gig, the band turned down a friendly offer of Coke and opted for some fresh fruit from the store across the street. Beforehand, I sat down as they filled out the interview questions and talked about wrecking instruments on stage and getting money and equipment ripped off. So if you are into

totally rockin' out fast, fresh and crazy times, check out any one of their amazing array of 7" or LP's. Here's what they had to say.

Discorder: Who plays what?

Glen: Kevin plays bass, Kirk guitar, Mike drums, and I play guitar, plus we play any and all miscellaneous instruments we happen upon.

Who runs Druken Fish and who's on life?

Druken Fish rules. Darren Mock runs it like a methuon—he is a champ. He's put out two of our singles, two cassettes from the Crypt singles, and a feature with a cool screened cover and 7" included. He also pressed something by *Stogie Experiments from New Zealand*. Someday he'll release an LP full of our improved stuff.

Who put out your first release?

Mike: The first LP was self-released with hand crayoned covers, which was fun until our fingers fell off.

What kind of response are you getting?

Glen: Totally rocking out is a matter of driving ideas home, or so we think. We try to write songs or improvise around ideas we think are more driving home. So we've been getting pretty well responses lately and it's hard to know whether it's the ideas themselves or the "rocking out" part people like.

Have major labels been showing interest?

Major labels sometimes wink at us, or maybe it's the guy behind us. It's doesn't matter—our eyes are propped open with toothpicks.

Are you planning on playing Vancouver?

Probably in the spring of '94.

Do you all live together in San Diego, and aren't two of you brothers?

Ya, Kevin and Kirk are brothers and all four of us live in the same soundproofed co-op, and like it that way.

What bands came before Truman's Water?

Kevin, Kirk and I came out of the woodwork almost two years ago. Mike just became a drummer two weeks ago. He used to play guitar in *Cactus*.

Do you have day jobs?

Day jobs include driving around delivering things to people with more money than we have. Mike: By day we are semi-professional basketball players. As a matter of fact, we challenge any

band to a four-on-four.

Where's your favourite spot in the world?

Glen: Ensenada, Mexico. Nobody is uptight.

Mike: Prague, for it's cultural and unsurpassed social life. And the Mayabell/Palenque Ruins in south Mexico for the monkeys, jungle falls, and ancient sacrificial rituals. The Mayans played a kind of basketball where they sacrificed the winner after the game. But they believed in reincarnation so strongly that they felt rewarded with the opportunity to come back as a bird or something. That's cool.

Who do you listen to?

Glen: All soul music: Boredoms, Rodan, Sebadoh, Blues Explosion, Sun City Girls, God is My Copilot, Axyler, Grifters, Can, Polvo, The Ex, Caroliner, Magma, The Ruins, Dead C, Mars, Fushitama, Royal Trux... if we think it explodes, we like it. Mike: I listen to my mom. Uh... also Drive-Like Jehu, Elio Humans, The Nephews, anything on Black Jack, cockpit, Neil Diamond, Lampshade.

Stuff out there:

Of Thick Tum LP (Justice My Eye/Elevated Loin) June '92

Laugh Light's 1st LP (Druken Fish) Dec. '92

Our Scars Like Bridges (Homestead) Dec. '92

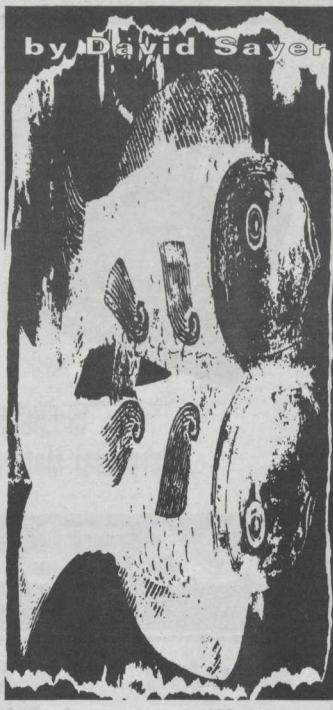
Jubileeccccccc 7" (Way Out Sound) Jan. '93

Spasm Smash XXXXXX OX & Axx Double LP (Homestead) Apr. '93

Hey Fish 7" (Druken Fish) May. '93

10X My Age 10" (Elemental) Aug. '93

Jackacker 7" (Sympathy For the Record Industry) Aug. '93



fiction

You either hate or love Mecca Normal. Or maybe you're somewhere in between, like me, when I thought that Mecca Normal single on the turntable, couldn't figure out what speed to play it at, and liked it for that reason alone. Jean Smith, Mecca Normal's vocalist, has written a book called "I Can Hear Me Fine", published by badmate David Lester and, unlike most books, it's available in record stores. The book, like Mecca Normal's music is at first a disquieting, disorienting experience, not unpleasant. To be honest, I didn't like it's style at first. It seemed to have a lot of obvious female imagery and symbolism all slap-dashed together in book form, but then, like a hot tub that's painful at first, I gradually eased into it and got all comfortable. There are moments in "I Can Hear Me Fine" that'll make you slow right down and ponder them for a good long while. Very illuminating and touching moments. So don't be too quick to dismiss it from your intended reading list. *Discorder* talked to Jean Smith at great length about women's writing, rebars and the Reading Railroad:

DISCORDER: Did you keep a

diary as a kid?

JEAN SMITH: Yes, I started writing in elementary school and kept lists of things more than an actual diary. I started writing more seriously in high school, writing songs.

Did you go to college?

No absolutely not.

Why not?

A lot of times I meet people who seem like going to school has taken four years off their life rather than added to it. It seems like sometimes it's just a last attempt to pull things together in a real structured way.

How did your reading at the Railway Club go?

It was quite scary. I was quite nervous. I hadn't done anything Mecca Normal or otherwise in public for quite a while. It's a pretty harsh just jumping up and launching right into it. I'm pretty aggressive in what I'm like a yelling than a reading and I certainly don't hold any printed matter in my hand so it's somewhat more animated than most writers.

But are you not intimidated on



stage, alone, with just your lone solo voice up there?

I do it regularly when Dave breaks a string on stage. I'll do a solo thing. Also, I did live in England for a while teaching a woman's writing workshop and supported myself doing that and doing readings. I guess I'm used to it by this time.

So how did this book come about? Did you write on scraps of paper whenever you got the chance?

It's a combination of all kinds of

methods. It's parts from five or six years ago. I put out sixty copies of a chap-book of fiction and some of that made it in there; some of it is directly from my notes, other chunks were added subsequently to the main body. It's certainly not stream of consciousness. I worked really diligently on every element.

So it's been in the works for several years?

The oldest parts of it are from '86. Joelle is from 1986, that whole idea of the young woman who's fairly dissatisfied with her situation one Sunday morning washing a frying pan.

There are lots of instances and powerful images of women caught. Is Joelle someone you know? Is she you?

It's a little bit me. The frying pan incident was based on something I went through when I was 18 or 19. It's a combination of events that are specific to me but are also universal to women really.

The writing could be described as loose and interpretive. Back in the dark ages of writing this might've seemed avant-garde, women challenging the masculine tradition of writing, the male canon.

That's how I view this as well. What is this beginning, middle or end thing. Why does dialogue have to be so prevalent? The novel, for however long it's been around historically, is basically a male construct, much like history. We believe history because it's written down, it's got certain elements attached to it like dates and places and actuals, so it must be true. But I think commonly we take the novel for granted as something that's been around forever, and it's the way you tell a story. It's between these two covers and it will have a logical and easily digested message but I think this is worth challenging. (To understand the next two questions you might want to at least flip through the book.)

What's a rebar?

A rebar is like a metal line with ribs along it that you use in cement structure buildings. It's usually rusty and it provides strength; it's a reinforcement bar. It has nothing at all to do

with baking a cake.

What's with the index?

The index is like a systematic grid over the whole book. The idea was that this book isn't the easiest thing to pick up and go through. There'll be some troublesome spots, some frustrations. It's another system to throw over in terms of understanding it and I think it's a light touch too.

A wind-up.

Yeah, instead of a conclusion or a climax or anything else, you get an index, it's the latest.

So, at least take a peek at Jean Smith's new book before you make these judgments. Rumor has it she's reading with Exene Cervenka somewhere in the states soon and she'll probably be doing more readings about town. Jean Smith's recommendation for some good reading?

"Very young Jane Anne Phillips, *Black Tickets* is a collection of her short stories that you can find in the library. She takes a lot of chances and pushes a lot of boundaries."

by Kirsty Smith



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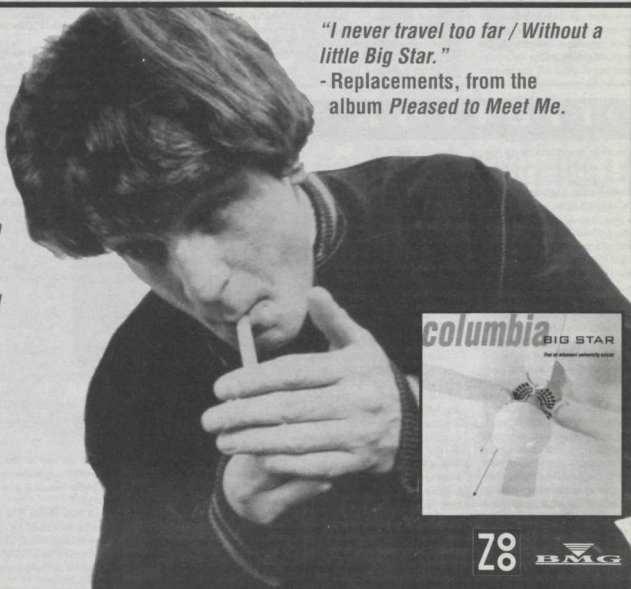
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Juliana Hatfield is worshipped by some as a rock diva for the slacker generation. Those of us who aren't fans don't understand all the hype. The media has done a great job creating a paradoxical image of Juliana as on the one hand as a pin-up girl for hormonally-charged, grunge-loving boys; and on the other, a strong-willed woman bass-playing her way through a male-dominated industry, whose lyrics reflect feminist concerns. So what are we to make of her?

It's naive to think that we music consumers can cut through the media morass and appreciate music for its own merits alone. It's just not possible in the video age when a band or musician's looks determine how many records are sold. And it's frustrating not being able to go see a show without a preconceived notion of the musician(s) imprinted on our psyches through magazine articles, interviews and videos. All this hubbub detracts attention from whatever music is being produced and in Juliana Hatfield's case, it seems she's all package and very little substance. Since Juliana Hatfield got signed to Atlantic it seems she's been cuddling up to the great hype machine that is big label music promotion. Her face and attitude were plastered over virtually every music magazine last month, promoting her new CD *Become What You Arise* with new band "The Juliana Hatfield Three," featuring Todd Phillips on drums and Dean Fisher on bass. When *Discord* talked to Juliana about how pathetic the media is, she believes that the partnership between media and artists has become something less than reciprocal. She feels the media has taken to writing petty rumours about her just to sell magazines, and that this kind of exposure is something she could do without. So, here are the intimate details of a fluffy little conversation I had with Juliana, who, by the way, is the love-child of Oprah Winfrey and is rumoured to have been dating a dog-faced boy and the ghost of Elvis.



BY KIRSTY SMITH

DISCORDER: You sound groggy.

JULIANA HATFIELD: No...my voice just goes like that.

Did you have a good night's sleep?

Naww...about four hours. That's about average these days. I can't sleep much.

Too much stress?

I think it's just because I've been travelling so much, like all over the world, that my body just doesn't know when sleeping time is.

Does it bother you that you have to do interviews? Do you sometimes think that the music should be all you have to say?

Sometimes I think that, yeah. But interviews are a good opportunity to explain things that people might not have understood correctly.

Who thought up the name "The Juliana Hatfield Three?"

I think it was my idea. I think it's kind of a bad name because it's hard to say, it's so long. I wanted people to know there was a band but I can't deal with band names. Just think they're all stupid and they get old really fast. I couldn't live with any name. What kind of job would you get if tomorrow all your musical ability was shot to hell?

I'd probably do some kind of physical labour where you can see the fruits of your work, like window washing or ditch digging or brick laying.

Why?
Cuz, I think it's cool...when you work physically...*(long drawn out pause of an incomplete thought)*...that kind of thing is hypnotizing.

What does "Riot Grrrr" mean to you?

I have no idea. I think it's just a term the media made up...so they can talk about something...*(vague drift off)*.

Well, okay...this is kind of a personal question but what do you think of sex without love?

(Laughs derisively)...I think that for some people it works but I can't do it. People are just different. Some people are just really sensitive that way and you know, whatever...people are just different.

What do you feel about women carrying guns for self-defense?

Well, I feel kind of torn about guns because you never know, if you have a gun maybe it will help to protect you but it could backfire, not literally, but, well...literally also, but the whole idea could backfire and the gun might fuck things up. You know what I mean? Someone else might get his hands on it or you might kill somebody you don't want to kill. I don't know, I feel weird about guns. They're probably bad.

Yeah, they're bad. But I walk in my neighbourhood sometimes with keys between my fingers and I think to myself "what's this going to do if I'm really attacked or have a gun pointing at me?"

Well, yeah, I've fantasized about that. That's what the song "Dame With a Rod" is about. It's about being able to defend myself if I'm attacked. It's about killing the motherfucker who attacks me and that's a fantasy but I don't know if in the real world it could ever be so simple and perfect. I understand the feeling though. If you're ever victimized

you just want to shoot the motherfucker because he deserves it.

(At this point a small discussion ensued about "Take Back the Night" happening in Vancouver on Friday, Sept. 24 which led to talking about feeling safe on the streets as a woman, about Mia Zapata, lead singer of the Gits who was murdered not long ago. Juliana is a big fan of the Gits.)

Does it bother you that in virtually every article about you, you're referred to as or inferred to be the girlfriend of Evan Dando (lead singer of the Lemonheads), when in articles on Evan you're not mentioned...

No, it's okay cuz I don't see it in every article. I must read more articles than you. I think people are off the girlfriend thing...Evan and I collaborate musically a lot, so I think that people just mention us together because we do music together a lot. We are connected that way.

I guess you don't see it but sometimes there'll be these ridiculous graphics with, for example, you sitting in a chair with bubble hearts coming out of your head and a picture of Evan Dando in the top bubble...

Yeah, I've seen one picture like that. One. Have you seen more than one?

I've only seen one that graphic, but I've seen others equally as silly.

Yeah, that one was really stupid. *(Juliana is getting louder)* That one was really lame. But when things like that happen I try to forget about them. Because the media...I don't want to give the media that much credit. I don't want to let this upset me cuz

they're just pathetic and why should I let this pathetic stuff upset me? I have a more laid back attitude toward the media these days. You just let it do what it wants? It's not reality and they're lame. They have an impossible job. You can't write about music. Writing about music doesn't do it justice; the job is futile. I feel sorry for these people.

But it's not so much talking about music, the media talks about you.

Yeah, but that's cuz the job of describing music in words is impossible and nobody, only a few people can do it well and ummm...they have to resort to writing about petty rumours and things. My attitude is like, I feel sorry for these people, they must have a lot of bitterness cuz they can't do their job. If they have to write nasty things, I understand it cuz they're bitter. They have to get readers, so they write about cheap thrills—that's how you get people to read you.

Then why does it happen? Why do you have to do it? Does your record label put pressure on you?

No, I don't have to do anything I don't want to do. I just...I feel like if I do a lot of press now at this stage, it'll help to sell records and then after a while I can stop doing it. Plus, I think it gives me an opportunity to explain misconceptions people have about me and so every once in a while I'm able to clear something up and that's okay.

What are you going to do today?
Today? Okay, I have a schedule. I have to do one more interview, then I'm gonna go in the sun by the pool for an hour cuz I need

sun...and then I have to go buy a guitar. I have to get another SG cuz I broke one and I need it and then I have to go to the radio station here (in L.A.) called KROC and then I go to soundcheck.

Alright Julie, thanks for talking and we'll be seeing you in Vancouver in mid-September...

Yep. *(click)*

So there you have it folks. A snippet of conversational heaven with our beloved Juliana. Cut it out and sleep with it or take Juliana's advice and trash it because it's not reality anyway. Juliana did open up a juicy debate about music criticism though. It is true that music is indescribable. How do you describe art? At best it's an approximation, an interpretation, and completely subjective. But then, how do you ever describe anything? Words and letters are only constructs meant to help communicate ideas. They are at best approximations of reality but without them we'd be grunting, rutting, frustrated animals, wouldn't we? So in describing music one is trying to communicate ideas about the music, opinions, not rigid definitions.

Juliana strikes me as a shrewd businesswoman who knows how to milk the media for all it's worth, which is probably a wise thing since it's likely we'll be seeing Juliana laying some bricks in the near future. Then again, with her kind of press and the way it sells records she could be playing for a long time. The sad fact is she's filling a niche; there aren't a lot of women headlining their own pop/rock trios...so until then...

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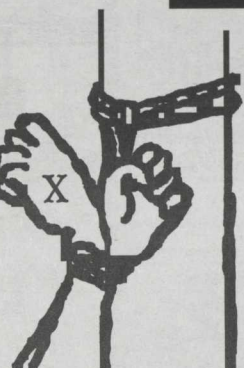
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A WHOLE NEW GRACELAND

Secret



in the 90's

homocage in Japan

Underneath the dull curtain of straight sex lies a riptide known as kink. People have indulged in its various forms colourfully defined as "Urologia" (aka golden showers), "Cynophilia" (scat or shit), "Sphajose," "Waz" (buy some bulk plastic wrap and let the fun fly), Sadism and Masochism for many years now; or at least that's what the Kinsey report on human sexuality contends. Chronicled in copious amounts in western popular literature and music (remember the Stone's "under my thumb" or Depeche Mode's "Master and Servant" and anything by Madonna), the pure form of creative sexual experimentation has been carried out by a especially small percentage of the general population. Either that's true, or Mom and Dad were very cunning in hiding the torture and harnessing apparatus when we were all growing up. Admittedly, here in the West the majority of straight indulge in only a highly diluted form of pure kink. Once a year, Mr. and Mrs. Suburbia buy a copy of "Sheep and Regs," crack open the vintage case of anal lube and go to the farm. They are no longer the people the fun forgot; well, for at least one night anyway. In our hemisphere this is the general rule, with very few exceptions. A

place exists which goes much beyond the safety of conventional and formulaic sexplay, and it is to that place where this article will transport.

Goodbye Western suburbs and welcome to the subtle and intense world of bondage-in Japan. The development of modern Japanese bondage shows a well how sex is not simply turn-on + foreplay + penetration. As a historical pretext, first contact with modern artistic works of bondage occurred some time during the Korean War. American John Willie's sexually suggestive works were products which initially washed up on the rising sun's shores. Being much like a product without a distributor, good fortune played a role when *Kitan Club*, an artsy fetish magazine catering to the "abnormal" element of Tokyo society, began publishing Willie's bondage saturated visages. The immediate result of this merger between East and West abnormality was a springboard for the *Kitan Club's* manifest destiny into a pure bondage and fetish magazine. This not-so-subtle overture into high kink was manifested in the long notorious July 1952 issue which highlighted a piece of artwork by Reiko Kita entitled "Ten Naked Tied

Women." In this artistic representation of *seme-e* (loosely translated as a picture of sexual assault), Reiko updated the distinctively fetishistic passion of Kabuki master Seiu Ito. While admittedly not completely original, Reiko's modern adaptation of tradition into a bondage image was to harness (no pun) new followers into the growing Japanese abnormal scene.

Sounding astoundingly similar in description normally affiliated with deeply disturbed samurai author Yukio Mishima, bondage chroniclers claim that Reiko Kita first encountered *seme-e* as a child. "Playing in a library warehouse, he came across such pictures by accident and was totally taken in by the beauty of the rope. One of these pictures displayed an almost naked princess suspended under a pine tree, her hands tied behind her back with coarse rope. An ugly thing was also pictured, sticking his hand between the princess's legs. Another picture showed a garden in snowfall, with a stark naked young woman suspended in the air by hempen cords, shivering with cold and shame. A hoodlum master and a wicked gap are shown beating the young woman with a broken bamboo stick." According to the legend, this discovery

of pictures did not send Reiko onto a path of lifelong psychotherapy or criminal sexually activity, but inexplicable ecstasy. In later years he became a student of Seiu Ito where he learned that these pictures were true forms of *seme-e*.

In case you have not surmised, Reiko Kita and *Kitan Club* had more of a connection than simply being a contributing artist to a bondage magazine. Reiko Kita was actually a pseudonym for Ko Minomura, the editor of *Kitan Club*. Through his magazine, modern bondage in Japan began on its now clear and recognizable path.

Another influential magazine appeared around the time of *Kitan Club*, under the title *Fuzaki Kitan*, which alternatively featured mainly Western bondage artists such as Stanton, Eneg and Willie. By the inclusion of these artists, *Fuzaki Kitan* had an overt western style in its articles and representations of bondage images. Some critics contend that the blatant western character of *Fuzaki Kitan* was the reason it evolved, or designated depending on your viewpoint, into a primarily homosexual magazine. Apart from this notable use of western bondage artists, traditional Japanese roots remained through its regular por-

BY
PARIS
GREEN

The bottom must be my superior. She is the victim I present for the night's inspection. I derive an awful knowledge from each gasp, the tossing head, the blanching of her knuckles. In order to force her to lose control, I must unravel her defenses, breach her walls, and alternate subtlety and persuasion with brutality and violence. playing a bottom who did not demand my respect and admiration would be like eating rotten fruit.

—From *Califa: A Secret Side of Lesbian Sexuality*

trayal of ritual *seppuku* (hara-kiri) disembowelment images sided by side with fetishistic depictions of bondage. To give some perception of which aspects Eastern enthusiasts extracted from western bondage, the following Japanese commentary on Willie's works refers to fetishistic specifics. "We can see in Willie's work that the main element is not the actual bondage but various other objects that are used. These are not used merely as objects, but as props for the attainment of certain beauty. These objects are mostly high-heeled shoes, long laced boots and leather corsets. Also some new items like old-style hobbled skirts, which are long, tight skirts, modified with long gloves that allow both hands to be tied together. These objects greatly pleased enthusiasts."

While this modified strain of bondage proliferated in Japan, the bondage scene declined in the US. Along with the lack of success in the Korean War and a domestic recession, interest in this harnessing variation of kink became relegated to minor cult status, pressing artists like Willie into obscurity. In Japan, which was ironically revitalized by the Korean War, *Kitan Club* and *Fuzaki Kitan* sowed the fertile sexual earth with traditional *seme-e* and

western bondage into the bondage and sadomasochistic kingdom of the world. The difference in general attitude toward sexual experimentation in East and West are now highly apparent. Where western bondage seeks to benignly prop the act of love more rapidly into its predictable straight penetration, the Japanese counterpart creates an atmosphere where the sexual imagination and passion can perform creatively without the predetermined uniting of genitals. Freedom from the restricted notions about deviation has created a unique sexual environment in Japan; where popular distinctions about normality and abnormality have virtually become obscured.



music to meet with a label rep who would then in turn take us to meet Helmet for this interview. Those mere facts alone had uple are still people we found, and supposedly there's more contact with the band. That's true because they are much smaller. Indie labels want to make money, and they're not tailor-made as major label

interest part of WEA. Most of the head honchos at WEA would not know much about Hel a positive thing. Why should the audience be exposed to this kind of music? If they want to do, and they're not tailor-made about the rockstar treatment, fuck this big buck attitude about everything. Let's bring it back down to a more honest level which is what the punk rock thing is about. Purity in music getting back to it being pure music. Now what we're finding out is that these punks are offended, they have this elitist attitude. They don't want this thing that they love to be available to anyone. It's not for sale. It's more than music / It's something to live by. The punk ethic. The contact with a major label, complete with a tip to

Warner Music to meet with a label rep who would then in turn take us to meet Helmet for this interview. Those mere facts alone had us wondering, thinking. Next were the press kits, p

HELMET

By: Eric Flex Your Head and

It was to be our first contact with a major label, complete with a Warner Music to meet with a label rep who would then in turn take us to meet Helmet for this interview. Those mere facts alone had us wondering, thinking. Next were the press kits, p

Obviously, with these facts we began the interview with a negative outlook on what Helmet apparently become. People we found, and Helmet more than pleasant and interesting to speak to. We found it difficult to deal with the situation? Obviously, with these facts we began the interview with a negative outlook on what Helmet apparently become. People we found, and Helmet more than pleasant and interesting to speak to. We found it difficult to deal with the situation? Obviously, with these facts we began the interview with a negative outlook on what Helmet apparently become. People we found, and Helmet more than pleasant and interesting to speak to. We found it difficult to deal with the situation?

More than music / More than a new dance / More than fashion

It's more than music / It's something to live by

An act of love, an attempt to give / We

But new blood

It's more than music / It's o



Kim Kinakin

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Verbal Assault

Disorder: Since Helmet played here last time we have completely changed, as far as your record label, and everything the band is doing. You're getting a lot of press on both sides; positive and negative. What is your view of Helmet at this point right now?

Helmet: Well, we never anticipated all these changes from the beginning. I think any band is happy when the band's audience grows. We feel sort of the same about the press that we did before positive or negative. They're both constructive and destructive I suppose. If somebody hates, the band that's fine. People have always hated the band and people have always loved the band. The thing that has been a little disappointing is that some of the people that loved the band before now claim that since we are on a major label, our sound has changed to their disliking. It's possible that this album sounds less desirable to people that are really into a grungier sound, because the production is much better. That was a positive thing. We liked the way *Strap It On* sounded, but we like the way this album sounds. It's got a lot more of the live sound of the band and a lot more power. I suppose the vocals are more clear.

Was it weirder recording as well, having much more money to work with?

We recorded the album at Wharton Tiers, just like we did the first album except that we had 24 tracks instead of 16 this time. We mixed with Andy Wallace, and that was the only difference. That was a different experience, but it wasn't a completely foreign thing. We took a bit more time to focus on specifics in each song, like a bass part here, drum part there, guitar part here, there, whatever. Pull things in and out so the music had a little more depth. I thought *Strap It On* was pretty one-dimensional, and succeeded at what it was supposed to succeed at for the most part. This album we didn't want to do the same thing.

How do you feel about the press you're being getting, not just musical, but in terms of politics? How politically correct is it to be on a label that is...well...their respect of the music is more for profit, for money reasons?

First, let's make it clear that independent labels are not these bastions of sacred moral ground, where they're not interested in making money. They're as fucking interested as making money as any major label is, only they don't have good distribution, and supposedly there's more contact with the band. The reason that's true because independents are much smaller. Indie labels want to make money as badly as major labels do; major labels are simply these huge companies. We went with a smaller major label.

That's what I was talking about with the disappointment of some people, the backlash, because there are a lot of bands from indie labels signing to major right now. As long as the band continues to do the music they want to do, and they're not tailor-making something for the label, it's a success. I don't care where I discover something, a lot of the music I listen to is on labels that are completely non-existent now, or were bought up by majors, like "Impulse"; it's a jazz label that was bought up by MCA. So MCA distributor John Coltrane records; it doesn't bum me out. Our contention has always been from the beginning that we would prefer that no one knew anything about the band other than that they like the music or don't like the music. We're not really into the band photo thing. Photos appear in magazines; people like to take band pictures. And oh, you know, "You guys should have long stringy hair and tattoos and be fucked up on drugs or something." We're straight, we don't do drugs, we have short hair. To us it doesn't really matter what you look like, it's what you do. I can get into Led Zepplin or Savage Republic; there are two completely different looking groups of guys.

Back to the label thing, just because it is such a big topic. Does it feel different now? I mean, just to interview you, we had to go through a whole shitload of people who really have no idea about the music, and really look at it from a "rockstar" sort of level. I've got to get a photo pass to take photos of you guys, and an escort to introduce us to the band; otherwise you guys would be unapproachable. Do you feel out of contact with people?

I don't think that's true. When you come to the shows you'll find us hanging around like we always have. We have people helping us on the road now because we have more responsibilities. We've been doing a lot of radio interviews and other interviews, the band's getting a lot more attention than the last tour; we were opening for Tad. It's been a year and a couple of months, a lot of things have happened. When you take your audience and double, triple and in some instances quadruple it, obviously your time becomes more valuable to you. I haven't had any time to myself since we signed this deal. There's no question—I've probably done a hundred interviews in the last month or something.

But the actual record company itself. The fact that the people you were signed to...Amphetamine Reptile; you guys probably could have phoned them anytime and talked and everything would be cool. Where with Interscope...the dilemma is that Interscope is a part of WEA. Most of the head honchos at WEA would not know much about Helmet.

That doesn't matter. One of the main reasons we went with Interscope is that they're a small label, we've got

"...independent labels are not...bastions of sacred moral ground, where they're not interested in making money. They're as fucking interested as making money as any major label is..."

contact with them. I spoke to Jimmy Aileen, who is the president of Interscope, the day after Christmas. So I spoke with him at home, just like calling (AmRep head guy Tom) Hazelmeyer at home on a Friday night; just hanging out with his wife or whatever. The contact is very close with Interscope, closer than we would even like it. We prefer to do what we do and have the label hold up their end of the bargain and talk about things that we need to talk about. As far as that goes, as far as the head of WEA or Atlantic knowing anything about Helmet, that's completely irrelevant.

Don't you think it is relevant? Obviously they do make something off Helmet to a degree.

Yeah, but it's to our benefit as well. We didn't go in and get fucked over by a major label and that's the reason for a lot of backlash. Hazelmeyer and I have talked about this, the reason AmRep and Helmet have gotten some backlash is because we went in and dealt with the whole major label thing and came out with a good deal.

What is your deal? What does it entail? When they say you have three million dollars or whatever it is, is that money you pocket, or is that money that goes elsewhere?

Basically, we're making a living off the band, not much more than a secretary at that label would be making. So we have a small salary, but enough to live on. We have support on the road if we need it. We have enough money to make exactly the album that we want to make.

The figure that they gave you, is it three million?

No, we've got three record, firm deal and I think it all

comes to around a million dollars for three records.

So that million dollars pays for your recording...?

Recording, travelling, new equipment. We all got some things fixed up. On top of that there's obviously the video thing to contend with.

How do you feel about videos?

Well...we did videos for *Strap It On*, but we did "Bad Mood" and "Blacktop" for *Dope, Guns and Fucking Up Your Video Deck* volumes one and two, so we're always interested in video. The scary thing for me was dealing with MTV, because obviously the quality of music you hear on MTV is fairly low, it's the lowest common denominator. I look at this influx of "newer" bands that MTV is picking up on as a positive thing. I think there's a higher percentage of good music, coming from Sub Pop, AmRep or whatever that are signing to majors now, but there's still not a lot of great bands out there in my opinion, but the chance that a few good bands like Sonic Youth and Nirvana or Rollins can get played on MTV is encouraging.

Don't you think that things get distorted though? Most of these bands have come from more of an underground, roots level way of getting to where they are. Let's just say any of the big bands, Helmet are just a participant, in the Nirvana league, where Nirvana are a major extreme. It almost seems now that your record label are treating you like "rockstars" and your new fans are going to be the same way. They're not going to think they can approach you because they see you on MTV...

Henry Rollins was never the most approachable guy on the planet. I mean, he signed to a major last year. It's up to the individual; if you have ten fans at a show, obviously there's a good chance that you get to talk to all ten of those fans, whereas if you have 1500 fans at a show, it's going to be pretty hard to have contact with all of them. I am totally into the contact with people. I have friends that I've made on the road over the last couple of years with the band. We write and we keep in touch. They come to the shows again and again, whether we're in St. Louis or wherever. That's something that has fortunately remained true. Obviously we have a completely different ethic than Guns and Roses or Skid Row. What everybody sees as the "loss" of their punk scene, this small crowd that was into this music. I see this as a positive thing. Why should the mass audience be exposed to this garbage all the time? If we can carry this ethic of "fuck this rockstar treatment, fuck this big buck attitude about everything" we can bring it back down to a more honest level which is what I think the whole punk thing is about: purity in music, getting back to it being pure music. Now what we're finding out is that these punks are offended, they have this elitist attitude. They don't want this thing that they love to be available to anybody else. To me that goes against the punk ethic. The whole idea is to keep something pure. It's about music, it's not about your ego, it's not about how many chicks you get, how many drugs you get or how many people kiss your butt. It's got to be about the music. That's what I admire about the whole scene that we came from, but now the scene has bitten us back. It's an ugly thing. It's only a small percentage of people from the scene that we've experienced this from, that have sort of bitten us. I'm totally willing to talk to those people about it and tell them what I think so they can know where I'm coming from. We're doing exactly the music we want to do, we're not doing what Interscope wants us to do, or Warner Brothers or Joe Metalhead, we're doing what we want to do.

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BY ADAM SLOAN

FUTURE RAP by Adam Booty
Muthafuckin' Sloan

Well I'm gonna start things off with one of the fastest selling rap records ever, that **Cypress Hill** thang called *Black Sunday* (Ruffhouse). As you probably already know, dese guys are very pro marijuana, and they have 19 very good points in favor of it being legalized printed inside the album. As well, of course, they've got tracks like "I Wanna Get High," "Legalize It," and "Hits from the Bong." Considering how much its selling, it's amazing that the PMRC hasn't made some big fuss about it yet. Beat-wise, DJ Muggs et al are up to their same old style, with lots of heavy acoustic jazz basslines and those gritty high-pitched whines that made them famous. The wickedest tracks, to my ears, are "Lick a Shot" and "Lil' Puto." 'Cause they've got some gusto to 'em. A lot of the other tracks seem to drag, as if dese guys have been smokin' just a little bit too much of the funky stuff. All right, I guess "Hard on the Block" and "Break 'em Off Some" are cool too, but I've heard "Insane in the Brain" one too many times, yoi!

Now on to that **Bad Bad Man**, **Fat Joe Da Gangsta!** He's got mega props from the rest of the New York scene with production help from Diamond D, Lord Finesse, The Beatnuts, Showbiz and Chilly Dee on his debut *Represent* (Relativity). Whew! But hold it, it ain't done yet. It was recorded at Jazzy 7's studio, and there are guest appearances on the mix, like Grand Paba, Diamond D, Kool G Rap, Apache, Gismo, Keith Keith, and King Sun, yoi! Things start out hardcore with "Livin' Fat" and "Bad Bad Man" and you get used to his lyrical flow like dope. And the beats don't quit. Check out "Da Fat Gangsta" with the old school Ohio Players sample—three of them in the one song in fact, and "I Got This in a Smash" to kick the case of your woofers. It's kinda funny, Fat Joe, on the down low, being a fat guy who ain't afraid of talkin' about bein' fat, but the way he does it sounds phat, whereas the Fat Boy usedta basically just make fun of themselves. I mean, Fat Joe does not talk about food. He's one down-ass nigga, and he ain't black.



shows in their raps. Not much knowledge, but funky beats and freaky Pharcyde-style raps (but not as original unfortunately). The first track, "Likwit" is pretty cool with a start and stop style of beat and rap with King Tee guesting in there, as well as doin' some more production on

some other tracks. "Only When I'm Drunk" uses the same sample as EPMD's "It's My Thing" off their first record, which is definitely good to hear back in circulation again, 'cause its dope. "Who Dem Niggas" is good and bawdy, but beyond that it's a mediocre album. If ya ain't sayin' nothin' then don't be talkin' loud, ya know, but I guess they will be claimin' 'a like the forty-O, so if you're into that, cool.

On the dancinall raggaflamin' rap tip, and from Britain on top of that, is **Rumble** with his debut *Rumble* (Gee Street). Tings start off kinda safe with "Life on a Track" which gets down to some real business after the female singer does her ting. It also got a lot of the same lyrics as the killer last track on the release, "Booyaka! Booyaka!" with its EPMD sample for the break. On the whole, Rumble has a cool dancinall style nearly rough voice and cool dancinall beats and bass with a rap influence in dose, but when he tries to go all rap like on "Look at the Kid," it doesn't sound right (although it's still a wicked song). The real rough voice dancinall song does takes an appearance on "All I Kiger," as does Junior Reid on "Crack Song," who did a lot of production on the album. As a matter of fact, about half of the album was recorded in Kingston, JA, giving it a good dose of ghetto reality just by the feeling one gets by recording down there.

Oh shit, I can't believe it! Looks like **The Bomb Squad** have whored themselves out again, doin' the beats for Chilly Tee, a guy who looks kinda like Snow but doesn't even have half of Snow's mic talent. Anyways, the album is called *Get Off Me* (MCA) and the beats are dope in The Bomb Squad style (which is gettin' kinda tired anyway) but the rap doesn't go anywhere—no knowledge, G. The only passable track on the record is "On the Outz," and Mr. Tee didn't even write it.

Well it looks like we got another large rap independent record company comin' up courtesy of **Sir Mix-A-Lot**. Joining **Rap-A-Lot** Records from Houston and Paris' Scarface Records from San Francisco, the new incarnation of Def American without the backing of a major label but still run by Rick Rubin. Gettin' down to da knowledge, Rhyme Cartel has just released a compilation called *Seattle... The Dark Side* (American/Rhyme Cartel) with an a/calm on the front cover sayin' "Rhyme Cartel Records flips the script: no gangs, just rap and R&B." Season-wise, The most obvious track to check out first is Sir Mix-A-Lot's contribution, "Just Da Pimpin' in Me." It's just what you'd expect from him, no swearing and a lot of braggin' and boastin' 'bout his style, and big booty girls. The other old school Seasonos baller on this comp is **Kid Sena**, and he's kinda mellowed out, casin' back on his bass addiction and slowin' up the pace and even throwin' in a flute loop throughout his own track, "Flava You Can Taste." The real

hip-hop on this release comes courtesy of two tracks from **E-Dawg** and another two from **Jay-Skee**. They all got the distinctive Seatown-style beats with a couple funky fat analog keyboard samples and way back piano loops to keep your interest while the brothers rap about the street. Also of note Jay-Skee's two tracks were produced by Greg B, who performed at a DJ Soundwar. The rest is on an R&B tip so I won't touch it.

Now here's somebody who's been around for a while, **Umar Bin Hassan**, who's got an album out, *Be Rap or Be Dead* (Axiom). Umar goes back to the late sixties when he was in the Last Poets (who might be still around, they had stuff out in '85) and is using the same style now, with the same style backing but now with the help of technology. He has redone two of the Last Poets tracks written in the early 70's, "This is Madness" and "Niggers are Scared of Revolution." The latter track has been used well in rap. And with good reason, with lines like "Pimpin' yours, Pimpin' mine, Just to be pimpin' its a hell of a line." The new version is a neat copy of the 1971 original and it even samples the drums from the old one. Other tracks which kick some knowledge and butt at the same time are "PM" with

Bootsy on guitar and the second half of the song devoted to Miles Davis, and "Malcolm," both bringin' Umar up to date with break beats. Some of the other plays that appear on the album are Bernie Worrell on the Hammond B-3, always, old-school drummer Buddy Miles, and Bill Laswell on bass and doing the beats, as well as producing the project.

And finally we get that niggas from Texas who probably wasn't even born when Umar Bin Hassan released his first album, **Scarface** has just dropped his second solo bomb *The World Is Yours* (Rap-A-Lot). Startin' things off with a good pull on the joint, I, oops I mean he gets into the hardcore way down south Gumbo Frank Scarface style with "Lettin' Em Know," and the shit gets solid on "Comin' Agg." "The Wall" has Brad-boy in his insane mood where he kills himself or he gets shot or something...anyways to over a dope Ohio Players sample—yet another. Then comes my favorite track on the album right now, "Let Me Roll," with the tickin' highhat, the kick, the clap, a little bit of guitar way down in the mix and some real get down on the get down real funky bass like you ain't heard since 1975! For real, this shit is dope! The next track on my A-list is "Dyin' With Your Boots On," about

partners switchin' when they get caught by the cops on all that. "Still That Nigga," goin' back to the streets, the dope, the guns, ya know, over beats that you just can't fuck wit. "Now I Feel Ya" is an "I Had A Good Deal" style track with the mellow madness blunted beats but with a story 'bout growin' up as a young kid, Scarface style and then about bringin' up his own kid and beyond. "Funky Little Nigga" features 13 year old L'Love soundin' like a young Good Deal style track with her mellow madness blunted beats but with a story 'bout growin' up as a young kid, Scarface style and then about bringin' up his own kid and beyond. The Scarface freestyle track, and then... it's all 95 proof, there's seventy minutes of the track, just go out and get it.

Ya, so here's the breakdown. Scarface gets best rap per for his 6th album *The World Is Yours*, the Ohio Players get most sampled artist with appearances on 7 songs, all from their early Westbound years albums, and I just gotta mention Scarface with his track "Deeper," one of the strongest muthafuckin' tracks to be put out this year, period. Oh yeah, and before I'm out, keep a look out for the **Leaders of the New School** who should be coming up to Vancouver for an appearance in early November. A rap show in Vancouver? Incredible! Yo, I'm the fukkett out.



BY UNE SCUDELER

Another indie label has sprung up in Vancouver, well North Van to be exact. Factoria is run by Andrew Amy and "is an independent organization dedicated to using technology, networking and world-wide postal systems to disseminate music, mostly (although not exclusively) electronic/industrial music. Factoria distributes local acts such as The Fourth Man, Deprogrammers, and Children of Atom, as well as Biomechanoid from Scotland. For a catalogue write: Factoria 3139 Duchess Ave, North Vancouver B.C., V7K 3G7.

As for new music, the pickings have been pretty

slim. A compilation called "Trans Europa: A Swiss Italian Techno Crossover" (150 BPM Records), features some unreleased tracks by some familiar names. **Code IV** contributed "Fight" from their "Insane" release. **The Young Gods** have two recorded live tracks, "Criez Les Chiens" and "L'Eau Rouge," and the always fucked up **Pankow** out do themselves with a twisted German tune. The unknown artists on this CD don't fare as well; there's a certain European kitschiness that sounds unpalatable to my North American ears.

Clock DVA has a new release on Dyna Records

called "Sign." It comes with an exhaustive booklet that is very interesting. It deals with astronomer Alan Shepard's sighting of a UFO and how such signs are "A signal. A symbol. A complex icon of mind." Instrumental tracks, such as "Signal" and "Two Souls," are haunting, but the vocal tracks sound dated. An uneven release, Clock DVA should have stuck with the instrumentals.

From the Death of Vinyl label comes "Terra Vox: Symptom of a Specific Culture" from Montreal. It ranges from industrial-thrash (Maschinenhaus) to ambient with a Chinese tint (**Audio Sculpture Experiment**). This is probably the best release of the three and it's Canajun! There's something for everybody and it shows how much is going on in this country.

A few notes. **Skinny Puppy** will soon be recording their next album in L.A. for American Records. Recently Front Line Assembly did some recording there as well, a disturbing trend has started...

Purple, who records under the name **Irrelevance**, is selling its tapes at Boom CDs, not at Blast Records as I reported earlier. Pick one up, it's interesting noise stuff. Support your local friendly local starving musician.

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"...basic punk
rock..."
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"Excellent punk-
pop."
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"You guys are the
word!"
Girl at the Hungry
Eye



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good, it even
made the Karate
Kid blush. Music
that gets girls
excited.

RED SUGAR

"The songs are
intricate,
extended and laid
back... Overall a
superb, delicate
album, if you can
take the time to
appreciate it."
Ron Aronich,
I #1? (Exclaim
zine)



IDIOT SAVANT



"IDIOT SAVANT,
who combine
rough vocals, a
garage groove,
some foot-
stomping
outbursts, and that
special rockably
twang. I like this,
I really like this
Jason Schreurs
Terminal City

THE FALCONS

THE FALCONS
"Forget the
Shadow Men -
here come The
Falcons"
Great White Noise
Toronto
See The Falcons at
Shindig '93, Big
Bam Boo, and
Hungry Eye (with
Huevos Rancheros)



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CANDY. Clever,
hooky songwriting
and strong
melodies make
this five-song
release shine.
Tom Mike, Disorder



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So I'm back! A lot of catching up to do but I think I can do it. Alone. That's right, Tom's out of here, off to school he goes with his books in hand—maybe he'll come back and tell us what he's learned but I'm sure he just sleeps in the back row, so don't expect much.

So many fanzine reviews this month! I hope this is a reflection of the communication within this "oh-so-quiet" scene. Keep it up—even if I hated your "zine. Hopefully now that summer is over more people will be heard at home hiding from the rain 'n' cold and consequently put out a fanzine or start a band.

I wouldn't mind some nice photos to decorate this page so if you take photos of (local) shows and you really like one—send it in and maybe we could print it with the column.

To add to the punk rock debate—why is it that the Vancouver scene is divided between all-out slam death dancing and stone cold status? Is it not possible to dance without slamming? Sure, some one might accidentally bump (that was bump not into you)—get 100 or more people in a room, and someone is going to bump into you. Can't you say "sorry" if you do bump into someone? I swear, I read it somewhere, maybe it only happened once, I don't know—but there was a show and everyone danced (not slam danced) had a good time and there was no attitude, no macho-post and no mean politics. People respected one another. I don't know—it just seems that Vancouver is stuck with two extremes and I think a compromise is essential or maybe we'll just have to wait till someone really gets hurt or till we really get bored...ugh!!! Anyways, on and on the reviews.

FANZINES

Please note that after the name I note the issue, amount of pages and size....

WARM FUZZY #3

(12 pgs., 5.5 x 8.5)
Just as the name suggests—something to snuggle into. I

really like the attitude of "fuck you, this is fun. If you don't like it don't read it." The content reflects their lives—coffee/talk, music, coffee/talk, poetry, and more coffee talk. There are some comics (Tom) and an interview (Sparkmarker) and a "what's up with ALL" type thing, if it's free if you can find it or send a back for postage to WARM FUZZY c/o RIEF 343 East 55th Ave. Vancouver, B.C. V5X 1N2...p.s. issue #4 is out now.

RIOT GRRL #2

(16 pgs., #3 40 pgs. 5.5 x 8.5)
A great zine from the Vancouver chapter of Riot Grrl. I don't know that it's one of those things that changes on who's helping out and doing what. I don't think you'll find as much man-hating literature as the mainstream press would have you believe. These issues document a lot of the frustrations of everyday sexism that some Vancouver riot grrls have to deal with—a real eye opener for guys and I'm sure it's a blast of inspiration for girls & grills. Poetry and stories and "did you ever think of this in this way" type stuff. I can't express how necessary stuff like this is. Great emotion. It's free if you can



find it...at Blast or maybe Sparkmarker, or send \$1 for postage to RIOT GRRL, P.O. Box 1457 Station 'A' Vancouver B.C. V6C 2P7

THROW RUG #5

(24 pgs., 5.5 x 8.5)
This is the "zine" that split the Cop Shoot Cop interview with *Disorder*. They also interview the Bedlam Rovers—which really interested me as well as the Blindfold Test record reviews with guest Scott Harbison from Wicker Biscuits—I guess it's a Bellingham thing. I don't know. Cool graphics and layout, even a bunch of comics. Oh yeah, a Noggins interview too! It's also—you guessed it—free! But \$1 in the mail will probably get you a copy.
THROWRUG 4089 Squalicum Lake Road, Bellingham, WA 98226 USA.

VAGUE #1

(8 pgs., 8.5 x 11)
Cool "Barbie" cover—mocking *Vogue*, get it? *Vogue*—Vague. (If you get it—ed) Reviews and writings and all the little things to make a "zine" special. Lots of graphic art work and drawings and it's all hand written. Hopefully the next issue will be bigger as this is just a tease. It just amazes me how many cool "zines" are coming out of Vancouver—and for free! Send \$1 or something special to VAGUE 969 E. 10th Ave. Vancouver, B.C. V5T 2B3.

YUM #3(?)

(10 pgs., 8.5 x 11)
Colorful pages—pink, blue, and orange with Archie comic strip clippings throughout. About a thousand insights on what bothers the editors (Kara and Ann) or what makes their day. Write them and they will print your letter. It's another case of using too much paper when they could easily shrink the type on a photocopier and using both sides of every page. Still, very fresh, creative and inspiring—makes you ask yourself "why didn't I do that?" Survey questions and content—think the stuff on the cover was chocolate syrup and my prize should be an issue of *YUM* #4—betcha I win. Send \$1 to YUM 6303 Beaver Cres., Kamloops, B.C. V2C 4V2.

KNIFFE #4

(60 pgs., 5.5 x 8.5)
WOW—I can only imagine reading the whole thing—jammed packed full of stories and writings and scribbles and poetry and drawings and photos and everything else. Wow—now that's a "zine" Reviews, interviews (with Rusty of Ceasefire), letters, talk about coffee—too much coffee. I don't believe people actually like the taste of that black stuff, but I guess all the vast quantities of coffee-zines must stand for something. So whether you like coffee or not send \$2 (it barely covers the postage) to be nice and send \$3 (if you can) to KNIFFE P.O. Box 26051 Westminster Stn., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 4K9.

FREE LOST GIRL #1

(8 pgs., 2.25 x 5.5; #2 was

20 pgs., 5.5 x 8.5)

It's a nice little while to catch up on all the "zines," so I'm reviewing some issues together. Lots of cool information in here, thoughts, comments and news clippings on stuff that's happening. Drawings and sketches and a map of the USA with what states illegal sexual acts. Beauty quotes, recipes (that sound scrumptious) and heartthrob photos of local personalities (Dave Stovebolt)—yeah. Issue #1 is completely hand written—no photo copying! (I) while #2 is like the photocopy king. Send \$1 or find it for free—(1143B, E. 12th Ave., Vancouver, B.C. V5T 2J8.

MUSIC REVIEWS

SHIFT—demo

Well, Shift have now acquired a new guitarist (ex-Thumbcrew vocalist?) and changed their name to Oversight. They played at the South Wall on Sept. 17th and really impressed me—more powerful and harder live than the demo. On the tape, as well as live, the Youth Of Today influences really shine, minus the excessive gang vocals. I'd compare the live vocals to Strain. Lyrics are really cool too—the politics of government, school, and media as well as words of inspiration.



Definitely check this band out. Write to Rob Nicholls 1450 Merkin St. White Rock B.C. V4B 5E9.

INFERNAL DEVICES/MARK—*Funeral '93*

So if I gather this correctly, this is a sort of split tape. Mark is that cute *Horsley* guy, I don't know who Steve or Rob are but when they are with Mark they become Infernal Devices. If you like *Horsley* I think you'll like this tape—some real beautiful songs here, sometimes Mark's voice reminds me of (gasp) Michael Penn or other times an almost Bob Dylan feel. I really dig these folk punk bands—really fucked up lyrics too. Tapes like this bring a smile to my day—no address.

HORSEY—7"

With *Horsley* thoughts close at hand, I should mention their new vinyl debut. Two songs from their demo and one new one. "Go Light" is probably one of my favourite *Horsley* songs—just brilliant, while the new song "I'm Not The Best" didn't meet

my expectations. "Nice Lungs" is their upbeat catchy silly sing-a-long song that really gets you singing along. When getting it if you don't have the demo—I just can't wait till "Settle Down" makes it to vinyl. The cool line-out on the cover really adds personality. c/o Trackhouse Industries 1285 E. 18th Ave. Vancouver, B.C. V5V 1H3.

GUS—*Rope Hand demo*

Formerly known as Seed, this Victoria/Vancouver 3 piece (with ex-members of Onusone/Mission Of Christ and M.S.I.—yep, the drummer's from Toronto) blend chaos and precision with a fine coat of dementia. Twisted grooves that remind me of Jesus Lizard at times, Noisemans or even Sonic Youth thrown in, hell—they even do a Crucifixes cover of "Washington." Kind of everywhere at once, hard hitting and psycho—and they're great live too! P.O. Box 8187 Victoria, B.C. V8W 3R8.

SUFFER MACHINE—*Scram of Love CD*

Musically this would fall into one of those categories that I don't find myself listening to—bluesy rock stuff like Stevie Ray Vaughn. Lots of soul, I'm sure, the music doesn't move me. I really liked the bio/essay on how the music machine really sucks—it was really personal and made me respect their love for making music—keep it up. If you can't drive it, 263 Upper Ave., London, Ontario N6H 2L4.

FLASH BASTARD—*Crypt City demo*

Now isn't this weird...a band that doesn't live up to their bio. Full propaganda, complete with band photos that look like stills out of the movie the Untouchables and F.B.I. "WANTED" posters—a real *NATION OF ULYSSES* influence, or so I thought, but I couldn't have been further off the mark. Sleazy

punk with a snarky attitude—for some reason I can only think of a comparison to Slow—not really the band but music in that vein. Song titles like "Psycho Bitch From Hell" make me question if they have anything deep and meaningful to sing about. Still—the bio was cool. Tel. 228-1802 or 731-6896.

HJOULIE—demo

This one was interesting—I wasn't given much info on this one except that Patrick Mitchell (from the '86 hardcore scene) is in it. That aspect intrigued me—what to expect? Years later? Well...I can't compare this tape to anything that I know of, which really sucks as far as trying to describe it, but it is cool as far as listening to it. Too many bands of late have tried so desperately to sound like their musical idols that originality is usually discarded. Not on this one, 5 songs that weave their own web and successfully catch the listener. Shit, I damn, sometimes the guitar has the same sound (not style) as Mission Of Burma, but

that's as close as I could get to comparisons—juggly, mid-tempo type stuff—check it out. Phone Pat at 874-2875.

ALL AGES SHOWS

Saturday Oct. 2nd:

The Mummyheads at Scratch Records, 3174 Cambie St. in Vancouver. Show starts at 3pm.

Saturday Oct. 9th:

Sparkmarker, Bum, Ten Days Later, and Phloxy at the Hastings Community Centre (across from the PNE) \$6 show starts around 8 pm.

Thursday Oct. 14th:

Smashing Pumpkins, Shudder To Think, and the Frogs at 86 Street; \$17.50.

Saturday Oct. 16th:

Bad Religion, Green Day and Seaweed at 86 Street; \$17.50

Friday Oct. 22nd:

Benefit For Bosnia with Sparkmarker, Process and more, \$6 (this show is tentative, so look for posters; maybe in North Van, maybe not).

Saturday Oct. 23rd:

Benefit For The Anarchy Frezzy Deb with Naked Aggression, Sineatour?, Mexican Power Authority, and Insult To Injury (this show is also in the works to look for info at cool record stores).



I am sort of questioning listing all ages shows that cost \$7.50 (road: bands who have \$5000 guarantees and who'd rather rip-off the people who put them there where they are than help them out, but I also understand that there aren't that many all-ages shows to begin with, so listing them might help inform those who hardly ever get to see a show—since most of them are in those "cool" bars. Give me some feedback 'cause I also realize that whether or not it is listed here, Perrycoke will poster the city and put out full page ads in every paper, informing everyone about it. Geez, what to do.

Anyone wondering how they can play the South Wall in North Van can call Jesse Gaudin at 980-5302. 'cause Trish has moved and no longer does the shows there. If you want to help with the *Quest* *Co-op* I suggest going to a show—to see what it's about and ask someone at the door when the next meeting is. And please, don't just go to convince them to put your band on a show—they want people who want to help the scene not just a band.

So that's it, more stuff next time—'cause the box is just overflowing—I guess Tom couldn't carry his weight while I was gone—ha-ha. I have a local scene, go to shows and do everything I tell you.



BY GRANT LAWRENCE

As is the norm with this column, I'll start things out on a level fully local. First up is a new slab from the irrepressible D.O.A. As always, those Jurassic freedom fighters have come forth armed to the teeth with a ferocious hard-rock anthem entitled "The Only Thing Green." This time out Shihad and co. have put forth their long-lasting talent to help save Clayquot Sound (which, to all foreigners out there, is a large area of old-growth watershed forest in B.C. that our mercurial, patsy provincial government has allowed to be logged, despite massive protests both locally and internationally, attracting support from such notables as Midnight Oil, John F. Kennedy Jr., and Farley Mowat). Besides the rip-roaring slam on the establishment musically, the single also features informative liner notes of the fragile Clayquot situation, and all proceeds from the sale of this single goes to help the fight to save the imminent destruction of the Clayquot forest. I strongly urge you to buy this. (Alternative Tentacles, P.O. Box 410992, San Francisco, CA 94141, USA). And now back to the trite and meaningless world of indie rock...

A local label called Trackx has recently released a few singles. The first is from **Pork Queen** who have presented two sides of bizarre tape-loops, samples and quiet (almost soothing) noise. In other words, not my cup o' curry. (Coincidentally, this single could fit very well as the soundtrack to the fasting scene in *Ghandi*). Sorry to brush this one off so fast, Porkers, but I really know not what else to say.

Horsey are, on the other hand, a little more "mainstream" as they are actual human beings playing actual instruments. At first listen I thought my Horsey single might have been mixed up with a Ziggy Stardust demo outtake but I soon recognized these local poppers' demoted rhythms and vocal howlings to be in fact, not Bowie's, but their very own. As the single spun on, I realized what a pre-judgemental fool I'd been as the rest of the little record turned out to be a

delightfully sunny listen. It quiet and enjoyable and definitely the local pop flavor of the month. Whether ye be a fan of cub, Jonathan Richman, the Pastels or Bowie, you must pick this one up. (Trackx Industries, 1285 E. 18th Ave., Vancouver, B.C. V5V 1H3).

And then there's **Shiner**. A band from Victoria who play fairly flat, uninteresting punk/hardcore that fails to even slightly amuse. The best thing about it is the Crazyman cover art (editor and artist of Van's best mag to date, *Gee-Zac*), featuring a pathetic Captain America with a black eye. (Slow to Burn, P.O. Box 8386, Victoria, BC V8W 3R9).

On the international scene, the pick of the month goes to the amazing new 7" from **Screeching Weasel**. The A-side's "Radio Blast" has gotta be the catchiest, most rockin'-est damn tune since the "Blitzkrieg Bo" itself! Pop-punk asshole punk at it's absolute finest! Screeching Weasel prove here that they are not just another bunch of copycat punks, but indeed a fine breed of Weasel who really know how to write a great couple of songs (the b-side's "Girl Next Door" is equally rockin'). And that, folks, is what really counts. (Underdog/Lookout, P.O. Box 62, Prospect Hts., IL 60070 USA).

Label-mates to the Weasels, the **Ne'er Do Wells** bands have all done time in like-minded punk bands like Green Day and Brent's TV, buttered quickly of that genre and skipped down a decade to the swingin' sounds of the early '60s. Falling somewhere in between the Changelers' surf sounds and the Brit-beat of Freddie and the Dreamers, these cats have put out a tres-wot 6-song EP chock-full with the toe-tappin' melodies and jangly rhythms all set to a rockin' pace. Comes complete in a great package with tons to read, including an offer to join The Ne'er Do Wells Exalted Cadets Club! Be sure to check 'em out live with like-wise sultans of suave the Cocktails Sat. Oct. 2nd and the Cruel Ephemeral (Lookout, P.O. Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94701 USA).

And now let's slow things down a bit with the happy sounds of **The Dentists** who's latest single is a catchy as all-get-out acoustic guitar pop thing, a little like Morrissey

meets the Byrds...and yeah, Tuke that. This record, entitled "Speak No Evil" is part of a three single set, the other two namely entitled "Hear No Evil" and "See No Evil," (all 3 on different labels, and after listening to this fine installment to the series I have come to this literal conclusion: the Dentists remind me of a hot-air balloon; wimpy and peaceful really, but powerful enough to lift you to soaring heights. (The Rat Star Label, P.O. Box 3161 Iowa City, Iowa 52244-3161 USA).

Whatever...let's rev the engines a bit here for some more high-emotion from '70's style rockers **Finger**. This one features "Welding Boots" and "Do It Feet" and is a little more on the wakin' side than their amazing single on Radiation earlier this year, but that's OK, cause Finger still delivers the goods: Finger are your basic rock band with basic good songs. It's got the Stones, Replacements, or Uncle Tupelo, reach for a Finger (single) now. (Third Sister, P.O. Box 1152, Chapel Hill, NC 27514 USA).

Also from the boisterous base of Chapel Hill comes the brilliantly-dubbed **Southern Culture On The Skids** who have done a killer split single with The A-Bones. Southern Culture are a real old-ball combo, and like fellow C. Hillsters the Flat Duo Jetz, this insane trio cranks out some hellishly enjoyable surf/swamp rock to the title of "Rumours of Surf," and it may just convince you that something down there really is fucked up. I won't say too much about the incredible A-Bones, since I reviewed them last month, so just allow me to state that I think their tune on the single, "Gossip, Gossip, Gossip" is quite possibly the best thing these Kicksters have ever done! Pure rocket roll. (Blyor Records, 633 Leonard St., #3, Brooklyn, NY 11222).

And now for some controversial stuff...both tunes off **Urge Overkill**'s new single are on their new super-rock Neil Diamond meets Sweet Geffen album, and though I wanted to like these songs for what they're worth, how could I dig 'em if I have no respect for the performers involved? Yeah I'm talkin' about the Town Pump/Urge Overkill incident, and as far as I'm concerned, I don't care what the situation (i.e. a cold sandwich), there ain't ever any call for racism or violence. So fuck Urge Overkill, pop don't need that kind of shit. You wouldn't catch Neil Diamond callin' nobody a "fuckin' chink..." (Urge Overkill, P.O. Box #25619, Chicago, IL 60625 USA).

Still got an "urge" for some super-rock sans the attitude? Try on L.A.'s local losers **Red Kroos**! They play 70's stuff too, only they don't have all the luck in the world...but what they do have is songs. Red Kroos' tunes are as catchy as a burd-

band with asazy, sexy "Dennis Menace" style vocals. And that's just the a-side ("The Snap Tight Waz"). On the b-side these waxy Northwesters pull out all the stops, turn up the volume and go "punk" on a cover of Some Velvet Sidewalk's "Pumpkin Patch." And it works, too. (Harriet Records, P.O. Box 469, Cambridge, MA 02238 USA).

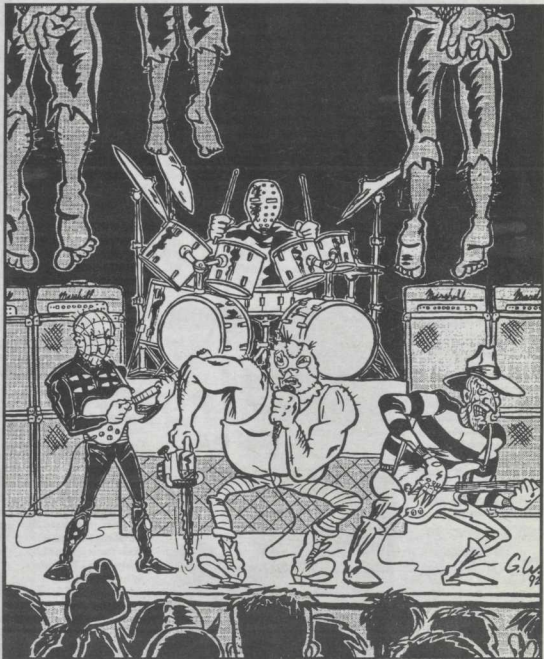
Let's scoot to the south whist I introduce you to the very mod old Numbers from San Jose, with their brilliant new four song EP "So Many Girls," a wild hi-fi POW! rock'n'roll romp, circa The Jam or the Buzzcocks. The vocals stand out as strainingly on target, as do the original songs and the overall level of fun that this drunken, criminal, power-trio belt out. (Eight One Nine, 819 N. 2nd St., San Jose, CA 95112 USA).

And now here's a band I've always heard much about, but never actually experienced until this single. It's **Yo La Tengo** of Hoboken, NJ, with their new platter on Mator. With a name like Yo La Tengo and song titles like "Shaker," I frankly expected something a little more upbeat than the vinyl tortoise race my ears encountered while spinning the disc. The songs "Shaker" and "Shame For Doing Wrong" both came off like a plodding anachronism of the Velvet Underground in their experimen-

tal phases, complete with both Lou and Moe on vocals. It's slow, it's hypnotic, and in the end, it's real good. (Mator, 676 Broadway, NYC, 10012 USA).

And at last, from the almighty garage of Hoboken, Telstar Records, we have our final two instalments of the month. First is new one from the all-female **Friggs** with famed name Ben Vaughn at the production helm. Those hefty ingredients in mind, this single doesn't quite come out to the full potential of cool that both the Friggs and Telstar stand for. "Bad Word For A Good Thing" and "Friggs Theme" and amusing garage rock tunes but fail to rise to fast past that. But then there's the Mono Man himself, Bontor's Mr. Jeff Conolly and his infamous combo **The Lyes** who have literally vomited two more garage stompers entitled "Self-Centered Girl" and "What's A Girl Like You Doing In A Place Like This?" onto the world scene.

It's totally derivative, I've heard it before, it's drunken, and it's wholly retrospective. It's also awesome. It's rock and roll, remember you little chunk of shit?! It's the basis, the bottom line, the Source and Soul for all them riffs you know and love comin' from Pono For Pyror, Therapy? and most especially the pop demi-gods themselves, Nirvana. So eat shit, little punk, and go Mono.



the cruel elephant

concert productions present:



We here at the cruel elephant have a long tradition of providing the most interesting and critically relevant music to Vancouver audiences. Bands and performances that are popularly termed "Alternative" due for the most part to limited commercial representation and the general non-conformity of the music negates wide acceptance. These points are the very things that fuel creativity. If a person has no limits or taboos, creativity can flow unencumbered. This is our main criterion we look for when presenting an act. Is it continued or does it display honest expression?

The cruel elephant has been providing this service to Vancouver since August 2nd, 1990 at several venues and some people just don't understand. That's okay, we'll carry on. Now the location is a theatre with three rooms and seating is arranged for full view in, you know, theatre style. As always we have been fortunate enough to have the support of the music scene, as in the unannounced shows by **NO MEANS NO, DEATH SENTENCE** and a barely announced **CHANGE OF HEART** show. We thank these bands (especially **MMN**). It was so fucking incredible, I almost cried. O.K., I did, it was beautiful! Just to let the public know, the Station Street Arts Centre is a non-profit organization, which sets it apart from the other venues in town. Profit is not the main objective and there are no borders or limitations, and thus no stagnation or exploitation. Support the NEW cruel elephant, it supports you and we love you. Every weekend has a special "weekend" event. Just look at this roster of bands coming to you live. Many would not be here at all if it weren't for the persistent nagging on our part to get them here, so make it worth our while, not to mention the bands'. Just Big II.

FRIDAY OCT. 1 - an Art, Feell

Alternative Telenovelas recording artists **VISTING FAMILY** w/ Alternative Telenovelas recording artists **PORCH** (ex-Primus) w/ Victoria's GUS

SATURDAY OCT. 2

Chicago's Garage/Jazzcore **COCTAUS** w/ Cargo recording artists **PITCH BEND** w/ **THE NEER DO WELLS** featuring a **Green Day** and three **Brents** T.V.

SUNDAY OCT. 3

Network recording artists from Chilliwack **MYSTERY MACHINE** play songs from their new album **"GLASS"** w/ WINNIFRIGS

SATURDAY OCT. 4

Cargo recording artists from Montreal **BLISS** w/ S.O.L. (SPICE OF LIFE) w/ guests

FRIDAY OCT. 15

Shangri-La recording artists from Memphis **THE GRIFTERS** w/ BLAISE PASCAL w/ HORSEY

SATURDAY OCT. 16

From LA, ETHYL MEATPLOW w/ from Japan, Alternative Telenovelas recording artists **ZENI GAWA** featuring the legendary Metal/Industrial/Noise guitarist **NOI** w/ MUDWIMMIN from San Francisco

FRIDAY OCT. 22

TSUNAMI w/ FEED YOUR BABY HEAD w/ Toronto's FISHPANTS

SATURDAY OCT. 23

Wrong recording artists from Victoria **THE SHOW BUSINESS GIANTS** w/ Victoria's VINAI/GRETTES w/ SICK YEAH YEAH

FRIDAY OCT. 29

BRAND NEW UNIT w/ BOMBHELLS w/ TORONTO'S MOTHER TONGUE w/ THE MELTING NEWMANS

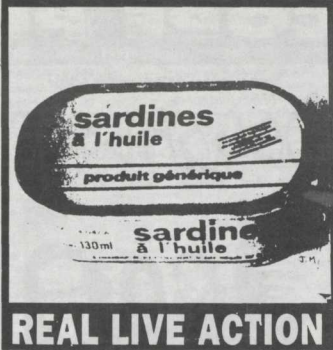
SATURDAY OCT. 30

'A Mint Is Still a Terrible Thing to Taste' 4-song CD release from Mini Records featuring **TANKROCK, GJB, COAL** and more!

THE STATION STREET ARTS CENTRE is the new home of the cruel elephant (est. August 2, 1990). Vancouver's only live alternative venue is now located at 930 Station St. Beside (N) the new bus station, behind (E) the Old American Hotel on Main St., four blocks north of the Main St. Skytrain Station, beside (S) the Venables off ramp of the Georgia Viaduct (Take the Main St. exit heading east on the viaduct and go straight instead of turning). Ample parking and close to major mass transit transfer points. Saving Vancouver from its rock'n'roll hell is a Good Boy/Kirby Palace co-production.

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REAL LIVE ACTION

Urge Overkill
Town Pump
Wednesday 25 August

Suede
Town Pump
Thursday 23 September

I'll be honest, I went to the Urge Overkill show at the Town Pump prepared to hate it, fully typed to write a negative review, if only because I was bored, rule and antagonized by the hype, everything from features in *Spin* and *Details* to the always tiresome "BIG WORD" in the so-called local indie-alternative underground.

Problem was, Urge wasn't that bad. For the first fifteen or twenty minutes, they were great. The sound was loud, powerful and rock solid. The songs were short sharp assaults on my ability to stand still and not be impressed. But then the set dragged on and everything started sounding kind of the same, kind of retro, kind of unnecessary. Eventually a friend started yelling in my ear, "It's a 70's rock concert, close your eyes, forget their kitschy lounge-disco duets and try to tell me this isn't Grand Funk Live, Cheap Trick Live at Budokan, Kiss Alive Two. There's no fucking difference."

I closed my eyes. He was right. By the time the show had hit its encore phase and they were doing their Hot Chocolate cover, my mind was more on the new Boo Radleys album I was going to listen to as soon as I got home than it was on the so-called NEXT BIG THING that was still unfurling

right in front of me. Four weeks later, I'm at the same venue checking out Suede, once again with preconceptions. Here's a band I was prepared to like way more than Urge Overkill if only because so many Urge fans seem to hate Suede's androgynous brand of Bowie meets T-Rex meets Mott the Hoople meets the Smiths glam-rock. Problem was, Suede weren't really that amazing. Great band for sure, solid songs with a classy crushed velvet, deeply sexy sense of style. The set had ebb and flow, sweet and pure quiet bits slamming up against full-on authentic power pop raves. But once again, my mind's on previous decades and the slowly brewing realization that nothing about this latest NEXT BIG THING is particularly fresh or new or in any way a breakthrough. As with Urge, I'm entertained, but forced to take a stand, I'd have to say that Suede are the better band. They're classier, they have better songs and their fashion sense comes across as far more genuine and passionate than Urge's dead slacker sarcasm. And Brett Anderson's androgyny is very much the real thing. Your average homophobic suburban North American male would do well to pay attention. But ultimately, I'm just talking personal preference here. I always liked Bowie and T-Rex more than Grand Funk and Kiss. Enough said.

My real problem is with this whole NEXT BIG THING hype, because if that's what you're really looking for, you missed it. My bloody Valentine unleashed their rocket science sonic hurricane in the Commodore in July '92 and pop music will never be the same. People are still wandering around stunned, naked, scrambling pathetically for solid ground. The future is now here folks. The books have been rewritten. The 70's may be the last decade that ever happened, but the 90's happen to be where we are. Wake up. Pay attention. Wealthy cannibals want to eat your young flesh. Don't believe the hype. The evolution is not being televised.

Mr. Mullan

Ziggy Marley and the
Melody Makers
The Commodore

Saturday 11 September
Boy, I feel bad. Man, just got this killer cold yesterday and I've got no end of work in the way of getting any enjoyment out of the next few weeks, and on top of that, sleep at a rate of minimum these days, but I guess most people are in that situation most of the time anyways. But shit, I paid twenty fuckin' seven bucks for this ticket so I'm gonna go anyways. I've been listening to Ziggy's new CD "I've Got Blues" for a while now and it sounds like he's got his shit together now, so I've just got to go. Man it's getting cold these days. Oh, looks like a sold out concert tonight, and brothers be askin' if I've got any extra tickets. Should I just make a profit and go home and get some sleep? Nah, fuck that, I'm gonna go see this mutha.

Goddamn, this shitty opening act just won't quit! Man I gotta sit down before I fall down. Aw yea, finally the show is on the road. Yea, now dat's a wicked riddim section! And check out that guitarist! The brother's got a beard that sticks out four inches and his dreads stick out under a large leather hat makin' him look like a hamsterhead bash. As for the songs, the place was jumpin', the bass was pumpin', and the Marley's riddim section blasted through a very high power-reggae set. I think all of the cuts off the new album were covered as well as a few of Bob Marley's and some of the old Ziggy hits with the new, harder sound. One of the highlights was the cover of Bob's "Cold You Be Lovin'" which after while transformed into "X Marks The Spot". Very well done indeed. And whenever Stephen, Ziggy's brother, stepped up to the mic with his crazy kinda wheezy nasal but very cool style, the placed roared. Yes, I'm glad I went.

Adam "Bootsy" Sloan

Mind
Movieland
Kid Champion
Notorious

Monday 13 September

This was the first in a series of Monday night shows put on at Notorious! the tourist trap, under the name Noiseprint. It's the old showcase idea; they ticket all over town, and with the tickets it's only two dollars to get in. Cheap beer makes it an inexpensive way to check out some bands and drown your sorrows if they all suck. On this particular occasion, they didn't.

Kid Champion were on first. They are newly Minted, fresh and

very nervous. The songs were a stroll up G. 500/MBV street; an avenue of bees droning industriously, with the occasional simple le ad guitar or tempo change to part the clouds. The singer, Vera, has a surprisingly strong voice to cut through it all. They're still learning, but they ARE learning, and will get to be very good.

Next up was Movieland, a three piece. Every song is long (we timed the last two; 12 1/2 minutes a total) which can be a good thing, a very good thing, but not enough was happening. The bassist and drummer were solid, (the drummer does those great guppy gulps) but the guitarist just plays chords most of the time. He sings occasionally in a good, non-singer voice, and does the odd solo, but frankly, with such a stalwart rhythm section, I expect more ideas per minute. More fucked up solos, I know he wants to, it's what he stretched the songs out for. Also, no one is allowed to jump into their equipment anywhere. Actual clumsiness is okay, but big sloppy-dog band shows should have their equipment broken by heavier implements, like hammers.

Slunkin' Mind was called "Black Sabbath/Faith No More grind/stop/grind thing". It cleared the place of indie-rockers but it wasn't badly done. The singer had a high, clear voice and clenched his fists very tightly. Put me back in seventh grade, gave me a few long bangs and a lot of peer pressure, and I'd be saying it was pretty rad.

Pierre Menard

Juliana Hatfield
Madder Rose
Town Pump
Saturday 18 September

This concert was a garage band workout at its best. A perfect amalgamation of pop melodies and "grungy" guitar riffs which flared the boundary between silliness and witiness.

Madder Rose started off their set with a few slow and melancholic songs. However, they picked up the pace quite a bit and ended off in a feedback drenched frenzy. There weren't any really outstanding songs, but the whole set sounded quite pleasing to my ears. In addition, they seemed to be enjoying what they were doing and the audience responded with a decent amount of enthusiasm.

Juliana Hatfield is a talented musician. Her performance was sincere and honest; there were no grand illusions, no attempts at mystifying the ordinary, just plain everyday stuff.

At every turn, Juliana's impeccable pop craftsmanship was punctuated by bursts of brilliant, melodic guitar noise which elevated even the simplest pop hooks to cathartic, chaotic levels. The press has given too much attention to her little girl-squeak voice. However, her strength in song writing and her ability to perform with dexterity can not be ignored.

It was definitely a good show. I left Town Pump knowing that pop music is going to be safe and healthy in the hand of these talents.

Vince



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TIGER TRAP
Tiger Trap
(K Records)

Tiger Trap is made up of 4 women and they are on K records, but I do not consider them as any riot girls. Their sound is too pretty to be put in that category. This album contains 14 songs played sloppily on slightly out of tune guitars, and sang by absent minded vocals. You should give this album a listen despite of those things stated above, because there 14 songs are some of the best pop songs I've ever heard. They all have pretty melodies that you can hum along with, and rhythm that you can tap your feet to. Moreover, none of the songs are over 3 minutes; they are great for those who have short attention spans.

Vince

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Treasure II Berlin-Detroit: A Techno Alliance
(Novamute Records)

Yes, you guessed right. This is another techno compilation but its with a difference; this is the *Treasure* compilation. *Treasure* Records are based in Berlin, Germany and have over seven of the changes within the techno genre over the past few years.

So what makes this compilation different from all other techno releases? Firstly it goes beyond the many rave and "b" driven sounds of today. That's not to say that *Treasure II* falls short in providing in-your-face beats and sounds for "B-Zug" by Noxious and "Red Bull" by DJ Hell certainly deliver enough poundings to bruise your body.

The real strength of the *Treasure II* compilation lies within its more ambient sounds. Two tracks are "Mystery" by K. Hand and the excellent "Die Komischen Kurieren" by 3MB featuring Jan Akin. The rhythmic and relative melodies of the latter track fit perfectly against the backdrop of non-stop beats whilst "Mystery" swirls you into a trance with its fading in-and-out Keyboards.

There is even material with a house-like twist to it such as "Jupiter Jazz" by Underground Resistance and "T.I.F.F.Y." by Maurizio. All these different styles not only add strength to this compilation but prove that *Treasure* Records continues to have its finger firmly placed upon the pulse of

the overcharging sounds of techno music today.

The Groove Kisser

XYMOX
Metamorphosis
(Mogul Entertainment)

Xymox sounds like a scientific, mathematical word, so here goes: Xymox (xi moks) n, a musical group consisting of only one male, imitative of 808 State and Renegade Soundwave. Therefore you have it, the dictionary definition.

Ronny Moorings, the aforementioned individual has chosen the Kafkasque moniker for this LP which, upon first sounding, has the appeal of a good club techno undercurrent heavily-dubbed mix. However, as with most of the genre, you get numb from the repetition. (Some of you can argue that "repetition is necessary to feed out the weak shit" - Thurston Moore)

It was okay at first listen, I think 808 and R.S. are still better and some of the tracks are "Z" issue dull.

If only Moorings didn't sing...
Trip

ENGINE KID
Astronaut
(CZ)

I checked this band out 'cause a friend said they were soooo good live. I've heard other people rave about it too, but I think it's a little. Their sound is slightly tripped out, slightly metallic, slow and heavy, with riffs that stick in your head only because they're so cheesy. The music is alright but it gets lame fast because they do the same song over three times and then manipulate "The Needle" by Neil Young to their predictable formula of heavy to mellow with singing to heavy over and over the whole EP. I think the best part is the "secret" nine minute avant-weird song at the end.

Lux

RICH KIDS ON LSD
Reactivite
(Epitaph)

Epitaph is getting in a bad habit of restructuring over the hill "name" hardcore outfits, and RKL is certainly the worst of the lot. BTO needs Kiss and funk with Bad Religion looking over their shoulder. I shudder to think that this incredibly lame offering may

actually contain some original members.
Tom Milne

SMASHING PUMPKINS
Siamese Dream
(Virgin)

I'm not a big fan of low-fi, it's a cop out, but overproduction is just as bad. Both of these studio efforts are designed to make the artists' mistakes (except when they can't afford anything better than low-fi). This is where *Siamese Dream* leaves me stumped. Smashing Pumpkins is chock full of talent, but they went into the studio with this one and come out with an album so over-produced that the songs drown in a year's息 "candle". I'm not sitting in my little indie "candle" declaring the Smashing Pumpkins uncool. I like this band. I agree with the comments Billy Corgan has made about the fucked up state of musical criticism and the lemmings that adhere to it. I'm just disappointed with *Buck Vig* and Corgan's overindulgence in the crotchroom. Songs like "Mayonaisse" and "Hummer" have been pushed too far and they suffer because of it. However, the solos are sweet, and the exceptional musicianship is obvious. So why are every track in the studio to record a five-piece? *Siamese Dream* is a weak album created by a strong band.

Justin Love

LIZ PHAIR
Exile In Guyville
(Matador)

She comes from Chicago, stands five foot four, and has one of the more distinct vocal styles going today. She sings about the bullshit that's gone on in all my relationships, gets it right, and does so with a swinging folk groove. Her name is Liz Phair and you'd be wise to pick up *Exile In Guyville* and give tracks like "Johnny Suede", "Rock Against", and "Divorce Song" a spin. Check out the mind blowing lyrics on "Flower." Note the stellar songwriting and powerful lyrics that make *Exile In Guyville* easily one of this year's freshest releases. Albums this good are too rare to ignore. I'm still having trouble putting this one on the shelf.

Justin Love

ACID TEST
Drop
(Sire/Reprise)

I'm rather annoyed by the fact that I've listened to what might be the next biggest thing out of Toronto. In the way that Vancouver has Pure and Halifax has Sloan, Vancouver has Acid Test. Already on a huge label, this band acknowledges its success to Much Music, MTV, CBNY (Toronto's version of our now-defunct CKST 1040) and Jans-lyne White of The New Music.

Regarding the music, it's really good, excellently good. First impressions produce comparisons to National Velvet, or dare I say it, Curve, except not as ambient. Lucy Di Santo's voice is honey-melodic like Toni Halliday's but with more of a raw-punk edge. Some songs could pass for The Red Hot Chili Peppers. It's a woman. "Trip On This" is the obvious stick-in there, having already appeared on an EP. As well as "Mr. Skin" which was featured in director Bruce MacDonald's film *Highway 61*.

"You great," was fun. Canadians are where they're at. Yop.

Christian

CATHERINE WHEEL

Chrome
(Fontana)

The sophomore album from Catherine Wheel completely changed my view towards this band. When I first heard *Fernent* I thought they were just another group of monotonous show gazers. However, this time around they have significantly improved their song writing. There is a lot more variety in their songs, and they explore different sound textures. Like the way they create that ethereal psychedelia without being boring or pretentious, and they way they avoid sounding immature in their use of heavy guitars. Pat Dickinson does a better job in enunciating his lyrics which has brought more sincerity and enthusiasm to their performance.

Vince Yeh

16 VOLT
Widom
(Re-construction)

CHEMLAB
Burn Out of the Hydrogen Bar
(Fifth Column)

If you enjoy aggressive, pounding beats and screaming vocals, you'll love this. For my taste, this genre (hyper-aggro-industrial-whazit called) has been saturated. Chemlab has made a mark for themselves with their "Fuck Art Let's Kill" line of leisure wear. The usual type of fare is on *Burn Out of the Hydrogen Bar*, except for five different versions of "nature," cool minute long noise bits.

16 Volt fares a bit better — they do have the benefit of Skinny Puppy engineer Dave Ogilvie and sometime Ministry engineer, Keith "Philly" Auerbach. The music has more variance and doesn't go on your nerves after awhile like Chem Lab does.

June Scudeler

MOTHER EARTH
Dig
(Capitol)

It would be easy to slag this album on several counts: it sounds too much like Jane's Addiction, it's overproduced (by Mike Clink of Guns and Roses' fame), and the lyrics don't mean a thing. But these "alternative" criticisms miss the point, for as a metal album it is mostly perfect. Guitarist Jager creates a cornucopia of sounds from the fast funk of "Production" to the soaring solo in "So Gently We Go." He even manages to have a jazzy groove in "Lost My America" that isn't annoying. The rhythm section switches effortlessly from slow melodies to heavy riffs. The

highlight of the album is "Ram Will Fall." Starting with a riff not unlike Jane's Addiction's "Stop," it progresses into an extended jam that reminds me of Santana. Considering the amount of musical sophistication exhibited, it is hard to believe this is only their first album on a major label.

Geoff Wherrett



CRACKER
Kerosene
(Virgin)

David Lowery (leader of Cracker and, formerly, Camper Van Beethoven) once told a friend of mine that he would quit the music biz at age 30 if he wasn't making as much as a teacher. Fortunately he didn't do that, instead he formed Cracker, a more "grown-up" band. The psychedelic flourishes and eclectic nature, (ska, punk, folk, Eastern) that made C.V.B. so great, have been replaced by a straight forward country brand of rock and roll. *Kerosene* Hat, Cracker's second album is a fine example of this. The music is based around Johnny Hickenham's steadfast guitar and Lowery's clever lyrics (The Movie Star Vell She Crashed Her Car But Everyone Said She Was Beautiful/Even Without Her Head). "Get Off This" would sound great on commercial radio, if the programmers weren't so out to lunch.

This album isn't as strong as the debut album (too many boring slow songs). But it's still worth a listen.

Geoff Wherrett

ZIGGY MARLEY AND THE MELODY MAKERS
Joy and Blues
(Virgin)

Getting right down to da knowledge, this release is a big departure from David "Ziggy" Marley's previous four was outings. The difference is that he is now On the whole, the album kicks up much and keeps reggae alive with the help of Wilburn "Squidly" Cole on drums, Christopher Meredith and others

MEKONS
I Love Mekons
(Quarterstick Records)

A funny thing: I once drank a lot of this band's beer whilst in a damp basement in Hoboken, New Jersey, while the Mekons earnestly played on stage a floor above me. At the time I felt pretty guilty about robbing fellow-rockin' rollers of the "goodtime-gas," but after listening to this over-produced, lush synth-pop rap I say good riddance to 'em! Let 'em run dry if you! Let them SEIZE!

While guzzling, I seem to have a vague memory of hearing some semi-cool contrived-Clash-like rock emitting through the wood and concrete, but also there be none of that sweetness here. This is just some terribly commercial British pop-bop. Burp!

Grant Lawrence



THE FORBIDDEN DIMENSION
Sin Gallery
(Cargo)

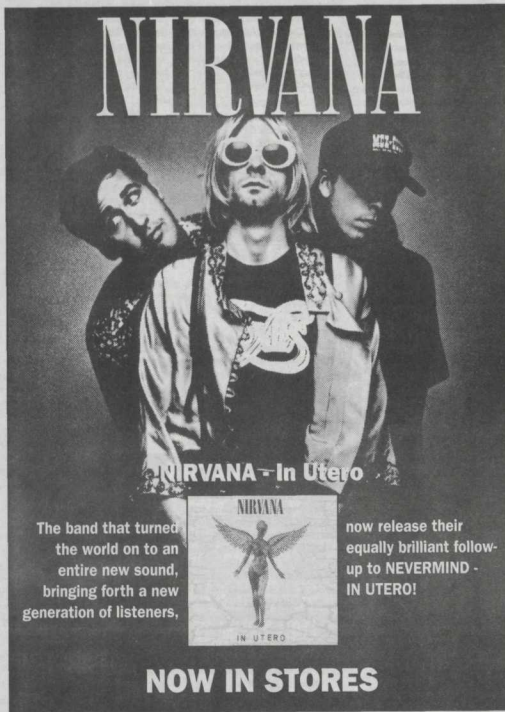
Before we get into it, it should be stated that the Forbidden Dimension is the brain-child of former Color Me Psycho satanic-mechanic and all around artiste extraordinaire Tom Bagley. And, as far as I'm concerned, Color Me Psycho's sole album *Pretend I'm Your Father* is the greatest Canadian punk rock album ever. And so who is Tom Bagley to think that he could ever follow up (and/or top) such personal greatness with anything even minutely comparable?



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But then I suppose I may have short-changed the power of Bagley's darkly cryptic creative genius, for this, the *Forbiddan Dimension* is a long-awaited debut album, is just as hot as *Cake Me Psycho* was at their rawest. Tom and Co. have whipped up a hefty twenty song smorgasbord of ghostly, ghoulish rock 'n' roll coming off like an insane mixture of early Mafins, the Cramps, '68-'72 Elvis with a dash of Gas Huffer for bad luck. And with song titles like "Tall, Dark and Gruesome," "Bikini Widow," and "Shrunken Heads" this could easily serve as the soundtrack to the next *Adams Family* movie.

Great performances, a great package (Tom Bagley's original cover art is amazing), and a great number of songs makes this rock-packet an easy mark for your hard-begged backs.

Grant Lawrence

BOB'S YOUR UNCLE
Cages
(Zulu)
 Bob's Your Uncle is a true Vancouver

original. From Bob's humble beginnings on Vancouver's school Criminal Records, to California's Doctor Dream, to their ill-fated major label fuck-over on Intrepid/Capitol, the unmistakably eclectic Bob's Your Uncle are back. And on a real trip this time, Zulu Records. Nice move, Bob's; welcome back.

Though Cages is not exactly my idea of a wild hootch party, it is objectively a near-perfect album. From the always heavenly, not-of-this-earth pipes of enigmatic leader Sook-Yin Lee to the occasional blow-neck of Pete Lizotte's harmonicas, backed by the soft and hypnotic rhythm and beat of the band, the overly superb songs soar with musical talent and a pure, multi-cultural insight of the real Vancouver. One needs only to listen to earlier-tuned songs like "Crazy Aunt Lily," "Tip Of The Keberg" or the amazingly graphic "Hong Kong Cafe" to realize Bob's Your Uncle's seniority as performers and artists. Bob's Your Uncle, the true Vancouver alternative.

Grant Lawrence

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Bloodbath At The Chinese Disco
(Sloth/Porn Star Records)
Bloodbath At The Chinese Disco is a great compilation of Calgary-based bands that proves that there is more to Cowtown than just Haevo Rancheros. Nine bands (including the aforementioned instrumental trio) contribute two songs each to this punk rock album.

Field Day kick off the CD with their great take on melodic punk and the album never loses momentum since every song rocks, ranging from the hyper-fast, riff-heavy sounds of Kentucky Fried Children's "I Wanna Live In The Woods," to the Primordial slow Doors-y tune, "(Theme From) Summer Love Clowns."

The ultra-catchy, power-pop of Chix Diggitt is the best surprise of the album, and if their two songs, one of which is a *menage a trois* involving the singer, Milla Mulrooney and her daughter, are any indication of this band's talent, then watch out because they're going

to be huge!

Overall, every band has at least one great song, an excellent record that should make you forget all about the Halifax explosion and turn your attention westwards.

Lorne Baird

SLEEP ON DRUGS

Greatest Hits
(Smash Records)
 The landscape blurred past, a solid multi-colored streak. Throaty engine noise becoming one with the pounding music. "Surely" he thought, "this must be heaven." He may not have known where he was going but it only mattered that he was going. Heading west. Damn fast at that. No regrets about spending those last psychesongs on the kind of stereo that makes a car a nightclub. Bass that starts in the small of your back.

His passenger brushed the hair from her eyes and turned towards him, those same eyes alive. "What tape is this?"

"Sleep On Drugs."

ERI

THE WET SPOTS

From Beer To Paternity
(Gripe Records)

If nothing else, this one is worth owning just for the title. Even if you don't ever listen to it you can leave it on your coffee table as a conversation piece. Then again if you never played it you'd miss out on some really fun party music. The Wet Spots out of Ontario play a Ramones-style brand of punk rock which doesn't take itself too seriously. The opening track, "Stay 19," is pretty appropriate for these guys who all look to be pushing thirty plus. A good CD to sit down and play drinking gamblers. *From Beer To Paternity* will fit nicely on my CD rack somewhere between the Squirrels and the Hanson Brothers.

ERI

PAIN TEENS

Destroy Me Lover
(Trance Syndicate)

BARKMARKET

Barkmarket
(Def American)

There is a legitimate reason for doing a combined review of these two bands outside of the reason that I don't really feel like writing two separate reviews. That is, both bands have the kind of sound that is definitely not for everyone. If you like grinding guitar a la Killdozer then you're right like the sound of Barkmarket. For the feedback oriented crowd, check out Pain Teens.

Let's start with Barkmarket. This three song promo cassette is twelve and a half minutes of what sounds like a talented punk band doing improvisational jazz. The best way I know to describe Barkmarket's sound is to refer to the cover of their Vegas Throat CD which shows a close up of the throat and gums of someone in obvious need of medical help. As negative as all of this may sound, I must applaud the originality here. In fact it kind of grows on you (like cancer). Well worth listening to a few times, by which point you'll either love it (like me) or destroy the tape.

Having never heard the Pain Teens I must admit being totally blown away. My initial notes contain about

six hundred synonyms for "this rips." The songs follow a common theme of sexually abusive relationships and are full of the kind of anger and brooding darkness one might expect to find in such a situation. The musical styles vary somewhat from song to song, ranging from super heavy bass and guitar to a really touching acoustic cover of Leonard Cohen's "The Story Of Isaac." After a few listens it seemed to me that the whole album seemed to provide a psychological profile of someone who was abused as a child. I must admit that listening to it was at times upsetting and left me thinking. I also think that this is the sign of a truly worthwhile piece of work.

KINKY MACHINE

Kinky Machine
(MCA)

Surely if you're going to borrow from the past then you should at least try and do something fresh with it or even just try and improve on it. Kinky Machine, on their debut album, do neither of those things and the result is a record that is content to wallow pointlessly in the past, albeit a glittering one, rather than even try and reach for the future. It's this sort of record that is undermining the current British indie scene, leading to calls of hopeless retromod and stagnation. That's sad because it's not entirely fair. The Boo Radleys have taken the '60's and done something genuinely strange with them while Suede have seized the essence of glamour and sleazily french-kissed it into the '90's. Kinky Machine, however, clearly reverse tradition to much meaning that song like "Sister Maggie" are blatant Bowie plagiarism and "Shockaholic" sounds like a Bolan Karaoke.

It's a shame really, because many of the songs are actually quite strong and with a little more inventiveness could have been great. "Going Out With God" is a good example. But the problem remains that Kinky Machine are too content to Xerox past glories rather than try and subvert them. All in all, too much "Machine" and not enough "Kinky".

Simon Helyerly

THOMAS MAPFUMO AND THE BLACKS UNLIMITED

Hondo
(Zimbo Inc.)

It is always a treat when Mapfumo comes to town. His gigs have a magical trance like feel to them. The musicians are solidly entrenched into their repetitious groove. Thomas Mapfumo waxes his driving vocals in and out of our consciousness. We are elsewhere, riding the rhythms to the undulating beat.

Hondo is the only album of Mapfumo that I've heard that comes anywhere close to his live performance level. It's a keeper for sure. *Hondo* features the same band plus extra horns, drums and vocals, that grace the Commodore after a month or so ago. Well recorded, lyrics included and translated. The first three tunes stand out because of their acoustic simplicity, check out "Hondo-War" and "Maiti Kurima Hamshvine" (You Once Boasted You Were A Great Farmer) and you'll get a good idea of the subtlety that makes Blacks Unlimited the great band they are. The rest of this recording is only marginally more electric yet every bit as good. This is

African music at its best.

Now for the bad news; finding a copy of *Hondo* may be somewhat difficult as the only copies I've come across were on sale at the gig. With the exception of a certain record store on the Drive, I haven't seen any other copies, although that situation may have changed.

Norm van Rassel

SLOPPY SECONDS

Knock Yer Block Off
(Taangl)

From the moment this cassette hit my desk, Sloppy Seconds' all-too-catchy tunes have been in my head. 24-7. Powerfully super-hero, hook-potrock 'n' roll is the recipe for a Sloppy Seconds' song, with themes rooted firmly in the familiar trash culture/pervert fixation. This is clearly evident in hits like "Meyer Girl" (referring to the all-time vixens of sleaze in Russ Meyer movies) or "Den Mother" (I imagine you can guess what that one is about). Like a cross between Bums and the Magnolias, Sloppy Seconds are for fans of moxy, fun, all-time rock 'n' roll.

Grant Lawrence

THE QUEERS

Love Songs For The Retarded
(Lookout)

When I first saw this album I wasn't sure what to think about a band that would call itself the Queers. After all, the name alone would make most homophobes cringe, even though the classic definition of queer simply means different or odd from a conventional point of view. So seeing as how I'm not a homophobe, I thought I'd give it a spin. The band appears to be from New Hampshire of all places, yet they're signed to San Francisco's Lookout Records. The same record label as Screaming Wessel, Ben Weasel coincidentally (or not) produces this album. To my delight the album is an excellent example of top tapping music in the pop-punk genre. Some may say too much like Screaming Wessel, but I feel there are enough qualities in this band to set them apart. If you're looking for punk pop with serious meaning and political correctness and all that, don't bother lookin' here! The lyrics are dumb, silly, twisted and simple-minded, which is exactly what makes it sooooo much fun! Some of the stand outs on the album are "Night of the Lived Queens," "Monster Zero," "Fuck the World" and "Ursula Finally Has Tits." So if you have a half an hour to slat your politically correct brain off and listen to 16 fun melodiously catchy pop punk tunes, then check this one out. And don't be afraid of the name, after all, what's in a name? Terry H.

ALL BREAKING THINGS

(Cruz Records)

If pop rock-punk is your bonus cup of tea, or coffee as this may be, then ALL's newest offering "Breaking Things" should be right up your alley. Sweet, infectious, catchy, with a dash of folk-fiddled, melodic rock 'n' roll thrown in for good measure, maybe that describes the sound of ALL. If you've ever heard anything by ALL ever before you'll know what to expect

here, which ultimately could be the downfall of "Breaking Things." What ALL do, however, is even seem to attempt to break any new ground or blaze any new trails for themselves. And, of course while their newest vocalist, Chad, puts in a more than competent performance I can't help but wish to hear the sound of former singer Dave Smalley's voice to ALL's music once again.

Sure this is a record that sounds good, but the formula seems worn out. Maybe ALL have run their course. Breaking Things more than likely isn't about to win ALL any new fans, but for those disenchanted with the new record should satisfy your appetite for all things allstar.

Eric Flex Your Head

CRACKERBASH TinToy (eMpTy Records)

How could my words ever possibly do justice for such an incredible record? Four on the floor, high energy, super charged pop-punk from the word "GO!" Amazing! Tin Toy could be one of '93's best. 'nuff said now go pick it up!

Eric Flex Your Head

SHADES APART neon (Skenel Records)

Mention the name Shades Apart to anyone but those unbelievably hip and in the know and you'll more than likely be met by a blank stare and a

simple "huh?". A sad but true fact for this New Jersey three piece.

Their 1988 debut LP on Windin'weird Records, unfortunately now out of print, is a true classic in every sense of the word. Even today it remains timeless in sound and execution, but somehow it was their friends, neighbors, and peers, Vision, that ended up receiving a considerably larger amount of attention and Shades Apart stayed mired in obscurity.

Dude Danger, their 1991 follow up to the very small cast record independent, Sun Spot, also remained almost completely overlooked, even though it was a solid, almost faultless and somewhat stylistically matured record.

Two years passed, and although I perhaps thought Shades Apart had ceased to exist, I now end up more than pleasantly surprised. Maybe with their new release *neon* on the Minneapolis label, Skenel, people will finally take notice of this highly underrated band and give credit where credit is due!

Quality production was obviously a top priority in recording *neon*. It has more than a fair amount of polish and a big, full, solid sound. It is more than apparent that their roots are strongly influenced by mid/late eighties melodic hardcore, but there's also no questioning the effect of a more rock oriented direction. The songs are tight and catchy. Backed by rock solid drumming and some crisply throbbling bass lines, guitarist/vocalist Mark, sets upon layers of multi-

textured riffing and tasteful and stylish lead work, all brought together by a wonderful sense of harmonization.

My favorite track on *neon* is perhaps the re-recorded version of "Storm Clouds" from their first LP, although this could merely be the result of it's familiarity, for the opener, "Calling," and "Good Luck Charm" stand equally strong.

neon may not be a record that grabs everyone's attention from the first time they hear it in the way the first record could. Though, with repeated listens it's subtleties and nuances become ever apparent and its brilliant shines bright. A highly recommended musical purchase.

Eric Flex Your Head



BABES IN TOYLAND Painkillers (Reprise/Warner)

Painkillers is a five song e.p. that also contains about a half-hour of songs

from Fontanelle recorded live at CBGB in New York City. Unfortunately, the new material consists of mostly duds that sound as if they were salvaged from the Fontanelle out-take-sampler. Besides the opening stomper, "He's My Thing," Painkillers spatters and sags worse than my old Dodge Dart. After last year's awesome Fontanelle, this EP comes as a major disappointment from a potentially ferocious band. The live set, tacked-on as it is to rescue Painkillers from total wretchedness, may be of some interest to those who've had the pleasure of catching a Babes gig. However, even this sounds flat. For Kat-o-philes only.

Sean Harvey

VOIVOD The Outer Limits (MCA)

Overproduced, I don't give a fuck if they're Cancon.

Bepi

CATHEDRAL The Ethersal Mirror (Sony)

Earache's cash cow, I assume. A little more than Ozzy or Megadeth and now available at your favourite used record bin.

Bepi

AFGHAN WHIGS Gentlemen

Gentlemen

(Elektra/WEA)

When the timeline for soul music is charted it shouldn't come as any surprise to see the Afghan Whigs commanding a predated position throughout the 90s. Walking in the cold shadow of esteemed artists such as Sam Cooke, Smokey Robinson, Jackie Wilson, The Supremes, Wilson Pickett, Otis Redding and other too numerous to mention just for the sake of reference, is a tough, and one would think unwanted, chore. Because the Afghan Whigs, in their manipulation and interpretation of soul music, must recognize the black cloud and the irony of four white guys feeling/playing/singing soul music. But they do it well.

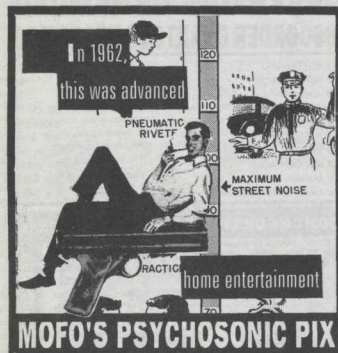
From the moment Greg Dulli complains "it holds my arms down/sits upon my chest/it waves its finger at me every night and day and it don't rock!" ("If I Were Gonna"), it's obvious that *Gentlemen* is one giant metaphor for love and all that encompasses: lust, loss, passion, pain, desire, hate, strength and sacrifice. With this, their first not on the Sub Pop label, the Afghan Whigs have matured as musicians and songwriters. They make it very difficult indeed for the listener to not forget lines like "Ladies, let me

tell you about myself/I got a dick for a beat/and my brain is gonna sell my ass to you" ("The Sweet") or "every night I spent in that bed with you facing the wall/I could have only once heard you scream/and I was there ever instead of watching you abandoning yourself" ("When We Two Become One").

Gentlemen concedes itself to the fact that it is near impossible to avoid heartbreak. This is its *raison d'être*. And that is why it is not uncommon to hear apology or sorrow in the lyrics and arrangement. Take, for instance, "Here me now and don't forget/I'm not the man my actions would suggest/a little boy/I'm tied to you/I'll follow that's what I always do" ("Debonair"). This is one of the clearest sounding records I've heard and it's worth the production value alone for the closing instrumental of "Brother Woodrow". Arranged above the low growl of a cello and some simple but striking piano chords, "Brother Woodrow" flows as an aggressive ballad whickeys the sad finale to *Gentlemen*.

However, historically and predominantly the genre of soul music has been Black American. And that's not to say that being white eliminates the ability to be soulful, it just asks the question of whether or not the Afghan Whigs are recognizing and respecting the historical past to soul music at mocking it as an avenue for their own sexual libidos. That remains to be heard or seen.

Paul T. Brooks



Hi! It's me, the overly eclectic Mofo. Before I take you on a little trip into the amazing world of virtual ideology, I've gotta I'll public service announcement to lay on ya. Some of you more aware cats may have noticed that we have a couple of elections coming up. The local one is supposed to get us a new mayor; it has wound up becoming a stepping stone for future provincial party leaders. The federal one is intended to give our lead a leader that won't humiliate us by letting our nation get it doggy-style by the U.S.; you know what the

past trend has been on that one. Basically, the reason we get the shaft so often is due to the fact that most of us can't be bothered to go down the block and scribble on a piece of paper, i.e., vote. Usually less than 50% of us of voting age determine our governments; in city elections, less than 20%. I hear an awful lot of complaints about how badly we are getting screwed by our politicians, but in actuality, it is those of us who don't vote that give these jokers carte blanche to do as they please. Politicians are so used to our apathy that they can

do things like Free Trade, the UI cuts, the Senate bullshit that they used to ram through the GST, yada, yada, yada, and know that we won't do anything serious about it. I think those bozo would absolutely shit themselves if once, just once, we made the effort and all voted. It doesn't matter who you vote for: Kim "Me and Brian's Shadow" Campbell's Tories (face it, if they couldn't fix things in eight years, they aren't gonna intewolve), Jean "Ghost of Governments Past" Cretien's Liberals, Audrey "Fizzle" McLoughlin's NDP, Preston "Pat Buchanan of the North" Manning's Reformers (and I thought flakes were only left-wing), Mel (?) Hurtig's Nationals, or, god forbid, Salimi's goofy little Rhino offshoot thing. Things may not change much, but at least it will be a truer result, and the politicians will take us seriously for once; plus, they close the bars anyway, so you gotta do something. I'll probably vote National, just because of the screw job they're getting from Elections Canada.

Back to the meat. This month, I was gonna use this wonderful guest review from Randy, who had some interesting theories regarding *The Flintstones Read Handel & Grotel*...however, we had the misfortune of losing the damn thing! I was crestfallen (not to mention half a column shy of copy). I'm banking on Randy having a back-up of his letter,

so he can send me a copy for the Nov. issue. If not, sorry Randy! Good thing for me I had a few choice new finds....

LOUISE AKEA AND HER ROYAL HAWAIIAN GIRLS Hawaiian Music From The Kodak Hula Show - (Kodak)

This one's from 1956, kids, so it's a great example of primitive social rituals. Yep, the LP was made so all of the Perry Como-listening folks could sit around and be dazzled by your slides of Hawaii. We've come a long way. Extra points for having an all-girl band in 1956.

Genre: Promotional

CHEEZABILITY RATING: 58

CLAUDE DENJEAN AND THE MOOG SYNTHESIZER Moog! (London)

Lame pop tunes like "Sugar, Sugar," "Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head," etc., performed on a hokin' big synth. Big Waste of Time Award goes to these guys for taking an innovation and doing Muzak on it. Cool noises, though!

Genre: Moogaliciousness

CHEEZABILITY RATING: 75

L'I'L WALLY Spiewajmy Razem z Malyim Wladzeimi

(Let's Sing Together With L'i'l Wally in Polish!) (Jay Jay Hi-Fi)

If I sang along with this, I'd probably sprain my tongue. Plus, I'm not sure I would want to do anything with L'i'l Wally! Lyrics included (for the experienced only). Polka 'till ya drop!

Genre: World Beat

CHEEZABILITY RATING: 90

VARIOUS ARTISTS How To Get The Most Out Of Your Stereo (Warner)

Yet another compilation of vastly diverse cheesy cuts surrounded by jargon about how much

"Singin' In The Rain" by Gus Varnay at The Giant Wurlitzer, and "Two Heads are Better Than One" by industrial pioneer Spike Jonze **Genre: Miracle of Stereo** **CHEEZABILITY RATING: 78**

Sorry there's only four this month, but my tirade at the top wasted a bunch of column! By the way, if there are any other brave souls whose found a neat vinyl rarity and you want to do a guest review, feel free to send me one. All you gotta do is keep it reasonably short and I just might

include it. Legibility

is nice, too.

Whoa dad! I'm outa space! Don't forget, I've still got a nice canned meat treasure for the longest distance letter. Deadline for that is Oct. 31, kids! And the Reader's Pansampler should be done by November's issue, so send me stuff by Oct. 20, 'kay? Until then, you'll have to be satisfied with one of my first two Pansamplers. Just drop me a line (and \$5/ape, a stamp or two and your address).

Hey Mofo!
2054 E. Broadway
Vancouver, BC V5N 1W7



CHAR-TS

OCTOBER 93 LONG VINYL 50

- | | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 THE BREEDERS | LAST SPLASH | 4AD |
| 2 SUPERCONDUCTOR | HIT SONGS FOR GIRLS | BOYER |
| 3 PENNYWISE | UNKNOWN ROAD | EPITAPH |
| 4 BUM | WANNA SMASH SENSATION | POPPLAMA |
| 5 BRATMOBILE | POTTYMOUTH | KILL ROCK STARS |
| 6 GARY CLAL | DREAMTEALERS | PERFECTO |
| 7 VARIOUS ARTISTS | JULEP | YOYO |
| 8 JUDIANA HATFIELD | BECOME WHAT YOU ARE | ATLANTIC |
| 9 MADDER ROSE | SHIM | SEED |
| 10 DOUGHBOYS | CRUSH | AMM |
| 11 KICKING GIANT | HALO | SPARTA |
| 12 VARIOUS ARTISTS | VOLUME SEVEN | VOLUME |
| 13 CYRESS HILL | BLACK SUNDAY | RUFFHOUSE |
| 14 ACID TEST | DROP | SIRE |
| 15 VARIOUS ARTISTS | WAKE-FREE VANCOUVER | CLUB GROTSCHE |
| 16 BAD BRANG | RSE | EPIC |
| 17 NOMEANSNO | WHY DO THEY CALL ME...? | ALTER TENCLES |
| 18 REDD KINGS | SWITCHBLADE SISTER | POLYGRAM |
| 19 STEREOBLA | TRANSPARENT RANDOM NOISE... | ELEKTRA |
| 20 UNWOUND | FAKE TRAIN | KILL ROCK STARS |
| 21 VARIOUS ARTISTS | FUTURHYTHMS | MEDICINE |
| 22 TAE | TOAST | TOUCH AND GO |
| 23 CLUTCH | TRANSNATIONAL SPEEDWAY... | EASTWEST |
| 24 CURVE | SUPERBLASTER EP | CHARISMA |
| 25 BOSS HOG | GIRL POSITIVE | AMPHETAMINE REPIRE |
| 26 VARIOUS ARTISTS | TRANS EURO | NEW LIFE |
| 27 SAC LIFE | ANT NO OTHER | FIRST PRIORITY |
| 28 THE BOO BADELVS | GIANT STEPS | COLUMBIA |
| 29 PSYCHICK WARRIORS OV... | OV BROSPIRES & SACRED... | RESTLESS |
| 30 EAST COAST MASS CHOR | LIVE IN NY | PEPPERCO |
| 31 ECSTASY OF ST. THERESA | FLUIDTRANCE CENTAURI | FREE |

- | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|---------------|
| 32 DUMP | HATING BRENDA | CAROLINE |
| 33 ST. JOHNNY | HIGH AS A KITE | CAROLINE |
| 34 SWEETWATER | NEVER LOSE THAT FEELING | CREATION |
| 35 TRANCE MUSIC | TRANCE MUSIC | CITY OF TREES |
| 36 VARIOUS ARTISTS | FREQUENCIES FROM THE... | OUTER SANCTUM |
| 37 IGGY POP | AMERICAN CAESAR | VIRGIN |
| 38 URGE OVERBELL | SATURATION | GEFFEN |
| 39 THE JESUS LEZARD | LASH | TOUCH AND GO |
| 40 CLODDIVA | SIGN | CONTEMPO |
| 41 JPS EXPERIENCE | BUILDING STAR | MALACOR |
| 42 LYING BULGAR KEEZMER | AGADA | FLYING |
| 43 POLYGON WINDOW | SURFING ON ONE WAVES | WARP |
| 44 XIMOX | METAMORPHASIS | MOGUL |
| 45 ERECTUS MONOTONE | CLOSE UP | MERGE |
| 46 REALLY RED | REALLY RED | ANGRY |
| 47 KOS | KOSIN CANGASIAZ | DJ WEST |
| 48 SMASHING PUMPKINS | SIAMSE DREAM | VIRGIN |
| 49 HARD-ONS | TOO FAR GONE | SKENE |
| 50 THE CREAMERS | HURRY UP & WAIT | TRIPLE X |

OCTOBER 93 SHORT VINYL 35

- | | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 CUB | HOT DOG DAY | MINT |
| 2 D.O.A. | THE ONLY THING 7" | ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES |
| 3 TO LA TENGO | SHAKER EP | MATADOR |
| 4 TEMPLES | BARBERS WITH BUNNIES 7" | KILL ROCK STARS |
| 5 BOARD NEW LINE | SUMMERTIME 7" | 3 MILE MILE |
| 6 SHADOWY MEN ON AL... | THE JERSEY 7" | DERIVATIVE |
| 7 THE EARTHMEN | COOL CHICK #59 7" | SUMMERLAND |
| 8 MAN OR ASTROMANT? | SUPERSONIC 7" | LANCE |
| 9 NIMROD/BOUGHAGE | GETTING RAINED ON 7" | SCRATCH |
| 10 THE HONSON BROTHERS | BRAD 7" | WRONG |
| 11 HANDSHIP POST | SUGARCANE 7" | MAG WHEEL |
| 12 HORSEY | GO LIGHT 7" | TRACKSHUN |
| 13 HORACE PINGLER | KNIVES AND GUNS 7" | RHETORIC |
| 14 SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE | FLATLAND SPIDER 7" | ONE DAY |
| 15 CLAYTON | THE SHAP-LIGHT WARS | HARRET |
| 16 DUNER | BURST 7" | SLOW TO BURN |
| 17 THE MEANES | RHYMING LOGIC 7" | MERGE |
| 18 HAZEL | HEAD 7" | CANDY-ASS |
| 19 SANDYDUNCANEYE | DO NOT LOOK HERE | SNIP POP |
| 20 THE STATICS | HEY HEY 7" | SUPER ELECTRO |
| 21 GOODHEADSLO | FRIENDSHIP VILLAGE EP | KILL ROCK STARS |
| 22 THE COD NUMBERS | TOO MANY GIRLS EP | EIGHT ONE NINE |
| 23 SONE | DAVID'S SLING | CANDY-ASS |
| 24 TRIMPER | HARD | SHIVER |
| 25 DROGGS | COME HEAVEN OR HELL | HITCHHIKE |
| 26 BIG CHEF | ONE BORN EVERY MINUTE | SNIP POP |
| 27 ANIMALS 7" | ANIMALS 7" | SKINNY |
| 28 JUDGE NOTHING | AUG MOUTH | MUD |
| 29 BRIGHT BLACK | BRIGHT BLACK 7" | SOUTHERN |
| 30 WARD | MUSTANG 7" | MUD |
| 31 LIFT | WALK AWAY 7" | TIM KERR |
| 32 TRULY | LESLIE'S COUGHING | SUB POP |
| 33 HUGH | CHURCH OF JOSE | SMILEX |
| 34 THE TEN COMMANDMENTS | WHEREVER I GO | SENSEBLE |
| 35 TWG | FALL OF LOVE 7" | HARRET |

OCTOBER 93 INDIE HOME JOBS

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 TIGER BEAT | I WISH I HAD A NICKEL |
| 2 SISTER LOVERS | DREAMING |
| 3 PLAGUE OF ETHYLS | LAND OF LA LA |
| 4 REAL MACKENZIES | I AM A SCOT |
| 5 PARLEY SUITCASE | STAND AND FIGHT |
| 6 STRAIN | DRIVEN |
| 7 ASHES | ROOFTOP |
| 8 WRETCHED ETHYL | NOTHING TOO DEEP |
| 9 YIMMY YAW | PONTIAC |
| 10 NGOMA | LEARN |
| 11 THE SUBCUSTODIS | THE HEADLESS BATAILION |
| 12 THE VINGUATTIES | FISHING FOR TROUT |
| 13 TIGER BEAT | ONE DOZEN HAPPY DAYS |
| 14 HEATSEMI | SABA'S PARTY |
| 15 THE LEATHER UPPERS | I DON'T LIKE YOU (VERY MUCH) |
| 16 BIG TALL GARDEN | NEW TOMORROW |
| 17 HAZARD | BORING DAY IN THE PARK |
| 18 PRISONERS | SEXY, HE AINT |
| 19 THE VELVETEENS | BORN AGAIN |
| 20 COAL | ACE OF SPADES |

HOME BASS COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON

- | | | |
|-------------------|------------------------|-------------------|
| 1 NU TO GEN | BATTLE OF THE NERVOUS | THUNDERPUSSY |
| 2 MOBY | I FEEL IT (REMIXED) | INSTRINCT |
| 3 ENGLISH MUFFIN | ENGLISH MUFFIN EP | INDUSTRI STINGTCH |
| 4 TWIN BASS | ATMOSPHERE EP | KICKIN |
| 5 FID | GET FUNNY WITH ME | MEDICINE LABEL |
| 6 D.A.C. ROBBISON | LUCKY STRIKE (REMIXES) | RABBIT CITY |
| 7 ALTERN 8 | DOMIN 8 (DETROIT MIX) | NETWORK |
| 8 WESTBAM | THE MAYDAY ANTHEM | RADICAL |
| 9 MIKE RIK | PAROLES (CRIG MIX) | EDGE |
| 10 WHITE LABEL | THE REMIX | WHITE LABEL |

GREYHAIRS REMEMBER DISCORDER CHARTS 10 YEARS AGO

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 BIG COUNTRY | THE CROSSING |
| 2 HOWARD DEVOTO | IRS |
| 3 ALAN VEGA | ZZ |
| 4 ELVIS COSTELLO | PUNCH THE CLOCK |
| 5 ENIGMAS | ENIGMAS EP |
| 6 TOM TOW CLUB | CLOSE TO THE BONE |
| 7 THE ALABAMA | THE ALABAMA |
| 8 KING SUNNY ADE | SYNCHRO SYSTEM |
| 9 BUKHUS | BURNING ON THE INSIDE |
| 10 DAVID THOMAS & THE PEDS | VARIATIONS ON A THEME |

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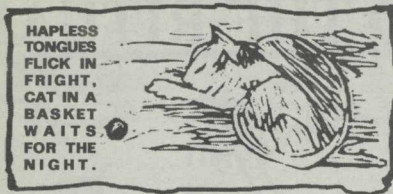
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DISCOMICS



CLINICAL NOTES



CELIA GORDON



GILKIN



BLAKE WILSON



life cycle...
in three frames

Story and Art
By
Mark Buford

ONCE THERE WAS A MAN AND A WOMAN WHO
LOVED EACH OTHER VERY MUCH. THEY
DECIDED TO EXPRESS THEIR LOVE BY HAVING
A CHILD. THEIR NEW BABY BOY WAS HEALTHY
AND FULL OF LIFE. IT WAS A WONDERFUL DAY.



AS THE BOY GREW UP, HE TRIED TO LIVE
HIS LIFE WITH A SENSE OF PURPOSE,
REVELING IN HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS AND
DOING HIS BEST TO LEARN FROM
MISTAKES AND DEFEATS...



UNTIL ONE DAY, MANY YEARS LATER,
HAVING MADE LITTLE SENSE OF THE
WORLD, YET FEELING STRANGELY
GRATEFUL FOR HAVING BEEN A PART
OF IT... HE DIED.



MONSIEUR MOUTACHE AND FRIENDS



BY MANC BILL



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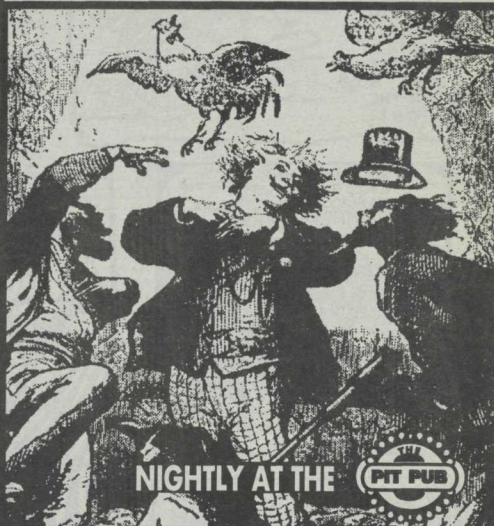
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1 FRI CITR 101.9 IM PRESENTS VICTIMS FAMILY WITH PORCH AND GUS AT THE CRUEL ELEPHANT ON STATION STREET... Cruel 70s Friday Night Disco at the Commodore... Dylan Roberts at the Wise Hall... Art Bergmann at the Malcolm Lowry Room (North Burnaby Inn)... The Sue Leonard Band at the Railway... Jim Byrnes at the Yale... Cadillac Tramps with Overwhelming Colorist at the Town Pump... Peter Wildcat at the Quena Coffee House... Mushroom Trail with the Potates and Upper Levels at the New York Theatre... David Young-Pit Dwyer Quartet at Hollywood North... Boneyard with Big Gulch at the Hungry Eye... Hugh Fraser Guinness at Alma Street Cafe... Workshop de Lyon at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... DJ David Hawkes at Graceland... Yo Yo Ma with the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra at the Orpheum... UBC Symphonic Wind Ensemble at UBC Old Auditorium... 5440 at Breakers... Green Apple Outkick at the OK Hotel (Seattle)... The Love of the Nightingale at Frederic Wood Theatre... Vancouver International Film Festival opens... Making Video In multi-media installation (until the 30th).

2 SAT CITR 101.9 IM PRESENTS MOMMYHEADS WITH CUB, KID CHAMPION AND MARK ISZABO AT THE ANZA CLUB... The Coadicals with Pichle and the Ne'er Do Wells at the Cruel Elephant on Station Street... Jimmy Cliff at the Commodore... Art Bergmann at the Malcolm Lowry Room (North Burnaby Inn)... Jim Byrnes at the Yale... Marian Rose, Greg Canote and Jerry Condo of Victoria Drive Community Hall... Amata at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... The Sue Leonard Band at the Railway... Cadillac Tramps with Overwhelming Colorist at the Town Pump... CITR's own DJ Noah at Graceland... David Young-Pit Dwyer Quartet at Hollywood North... The Pottery Trio at Alma Street Cafe... Sweet Jones with Twilight Rituals at the Hungry Eye... 5440 at Breakers... Sage with Ichikuni at the OK Hotel (Seattle)... Vancouver International Film Festival continues... movies of the week: *The Night of the Nightingale*, *Golden Gate at Frederic Wood Theatre*... The Supporting Cast opens at the Metro (until the 30th)... Auslander Video exhibition by Marisa Griek, Akiko Hada, Gavin Hodge, Kazuo Koyasu opens at Video In (until the 31st)... Before the Generation Loss: Video's Earliest Years (9pm) at Video In... Nathan Shomayyara lecture "Southern Africa in the New World Order" at Woodward IRC lecture Hall 2 (8-15pm).

3 SUN The Spirited Row: Destrube & Young Composers Competition at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Rose Chronicles at the Arts Club... Vancouver International Film Festival continues... On Line Editing: Advanced Workshop (10am) at Video In...

4 MON Marica Fale with Flotsam & Jetsam and Cathedral at the Town Pump... Sara Craig at the Railway... Brass Rocks at Hollywood North... Do Flava at Graceland... Vancouver International Film Festival continues... The Dance Brigades "On the Edge of the World: Goodbye Columbus" at UBC Museum of Anthropology (7pm).

5 TUE CITR 101.9 IM PRESENTS SHINDIG '93 AT THE RAILWAY WITH THE DUNDERHEADS, HEATSEIMER AND SPEED BUGGY... Sue Leonard Band at the Yale... Cruel 70s Disco at the Commodore... Noise Bar at Graceland... Noise Bar at Graceland... P-Funk Tuesdays with DJ Vennell and DJ Thomas at the Hungry Eye... Vancouver International Film Festival continues... East/West Performance Art Series at the Pit...

6 WED Thrift Shop at the Railway... Sue Leonard Band at the Yale... Nancy Weiss with Chris Catalano at the Hungry Eye... Shamoon Gura at Hollywood North... CITR Hot Wednesday at the Pit Pub... Reggae featuring CITR's own DJ George Barrett at Graceland... Joy Stepmen with Maria's Iguala at the OK Hotel (Seattle)... As You Like It opens at Ingara Studio 58 (until the 30th)... Angel of History at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Vancouver International Film Festival continues... East/West Performance Art Series at the Pit...

7 THU CITR 101.9 IM PRESENTS BIG CHIEF WITH SIX FINGER SATELITE AND WHEAT CHEESE AT THE TOWN PUMP... Jazzmonia Devils at the Railway... Screaming Tears with Flop and Grovel at the Commodore... Larry Davis at the Yale... Sub-Sonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub featuring Rocks Roundup and People Playing Music... Rose Chronicles at Free World... Oliver Gannon Trio at Hollywood North... Psychadelia featuring Betsy Bloom at Graceland... Nora Michaels, Fletcher Brock, Nancy K Dillon at the OK Hotel (Seattle)... Vancouver International Film Festival continues... Before the Generation Loss: Video's Earliest Years (8pm) at Video In... East/West Performance Art Series at the Pit... Angel of History at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... The Man with the Jelly Mask at Station Street Arts Centre... Vancouver International Film Festival continues... East/West Performance Art Series at the Pit...

the Jelly Mask at Station Street Arts Centre... Vancouver International Film Festival continues... East/West Performance Art Series at the Pit...

9 SAT CITR 101.9 IM PRESENTS SPARKMARKER WITH BUM, TEN DAYS LALE AND PLUTO AT HASTINGS STREET COMMUNITY CENTRE... Jazzmonia Devils at the Railway... Veda Hille at the Malcolm Lowry Room (North Burnaby Inn)... Larry Davis at the Yale... P-Jerry Quartet at Hollywood North... Friends of Jean Fortin Benefit featuring Gary Cramer, Gaskapin, and Odile Manette at La Guena Coffee House... Rose Chronicles at the Town Pump... Bliss with Spice of Life at the Cruel Elephant at Station Street... The Paperboys with Paisley Sultane at the Hungry Eye... CITR's own DJ Noah at Graceland... Lemons with Poo Sockle and Lazy Green Angel of History at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... The Man with the Jelly Mask at Station Street Arts Centre... Vancouver International Film Festival continues... East/West Performance Art Series at the Pit... Karl Astrom lecture "Black Boxes and White Noise" lecture at Woodward IRC lecture Hall 2 (8-15pm).

10 SUN The Paperboys at the Railway... Vancouver International Film Festival continues...

11 MON Do Flava at Graceland... Steve Lacy with Mark Hostler at the OK Hotel (Seattle)... Vancouver International Film Festival continues... movies of the week "Hitcock Night" at the Railway...

12 TUE CITR 101.9 IM PRESENTS SHINDIG '93 AT THE RAILWAY WITH SAVAGE HENRY, THE LOVED ONE, THE FAICONS... Cruel 70s Disco at the Commodore... Cicero Blake at the Yale... Noise Bar at Graceland... P-Funk Tuesdays with DJ Vennell and DJ Thomas at the Hungry Eye... Vancouver International Film Festival continues...

13 WED CITR 101.9 IM PRESENTS VELOCITY GIRL AT THE TOWN PUMP... Veda Hille and Bones & Feathers at the Railway... Treasure with The Knights of the Funky Roundabout, Holy Barbarians Theatre Group and The Antiquarian Orchestra at the Hungry Eye... Cicero Blake at the Yale... CITR Hot Wednesday at the Pit Pub... The Physic Cycle at Studio Seizieme... Psychadelia featuring Betsy Bloom at Graceland... Reggae featuring CITR's own DJ George Barrett at Graceland... Vancouver International Film Festival continues...

14 THU CITR 101.9 IM PRESENTS REVEREND HORTON HEAT WITH THE PSYCLONE RANGERS AT THE TOWN PUMP... Sub-Sonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub featuring Spice of Life and Mushroom Trail... Smashing Pumpkins with Shudder to Think and The Frogs at 80 Street... Veda Hille and Bones & Feathers at the Railway... Cicero Blake at the Yale... The Physic Cycle at Studio Seizieme... Psychadelia featuring Betsy Bloom at Graceland... Tiny Gims with Kiki Lach at the OK Hotel (Seattle)... Vancouver International Film Festival continues...

15 FRI CITR 101.9 IM PRESENTS THE GRIFTERS WITH BLAISE PASCAL AND HORSEY AT THE CRUEL ELEPHANT ON STATION STREET... Larry Olson at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Los Durangos at the Malcolm Lowry Room (North Burnaby Inn)... Last Wild Sons at the Railway... Cicero Blake at the Yale... Buddy Goy with John Mayall & the Bluesbreakers at the Orpheum... DJ David Hawkes at Graceland... Dying to be Violent at the Hungry Eye... Octoberfest '93 at the Commodore... The Physic Cycle at Studio Seizieme... Medaphysical with Silky Rabbit and Milk & Money at the OK Hotel (Seattle)... Vancouver International Film Festival continues... Sculpting the Delicant First (9pm) at Video In...

16 SAT CITR 101.9 IM PRESENTS BAD RELIGION WITH SEAWEED AND GREEN DAY AT 80 STREET... Ethyl Meat Floss with Mudwimmin, Nihil and Zani Gava at the Cruel Elephant on Station Street... Los Durangos at the Malcolm Lowry Room (North Burnaby Inn)... Cicero Blake at the Yale... Suffering Goss at the Wise Hall... Dancing on Glass with Opium Underground and King Singleman at the Anza Club... Dee Daniels at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Octoberfest '93 at the Commodore... Last Wild Sons at the Railway... CITR's own DJ Noah at Graceland... The Physic Cycle at Studio Seizieme... Tcknagi at the Hungry Eye... Hating Birth at the OK Hotel (Seattle)... Vancouver International Film Festival continues... Matinsirel Mythopoeia (9pm) at Video In... John Gray's lecture "An Evening with John Gray" at Woodward IRC lecture Hall 2 (8-15pm)...

17 SUN John MacLachlan at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Pinetop Perkins at the Yale... Jimmy Buffet & the Coral Reefers band at the Pacific Coliseum... The Physic Cycle at Studio Seizieme... Vancouver International Film Festival continues... movies of the week at the Railway...

18 MON Pinetop Perkins at the Yale... Stigmata at the Town Pump... Do Flava at Graceland... Reading Railroad at the Railway... The Physic Cycle at Studio Seizieme...

19 TUE CITR 101.9 IM PRESENTS SHINDIG '93 AT THE RAILWAY WITH PEE DREAM, TOQUE, TICKLE TRUNK... Cruel 70s Disco at the Commodore... Guitar Shory at the Yale... Noise Bar at Graceland... P-Funk Tuesdays with DJ Vennell and DJ Thomas at the Hungry Eye... The Physic Cycle at Studio Seizieme...

20 WED CITR 101.9 IM PRESENTS BUFFALO TOM WITH BETTE SERVEANT AND THE VELAINE AT THE TOWN PUMP... The Smuggles with SubSonic at the Railway... Moxy Froux with Jann Arden at the Vogue... Rose Chronicles at Wild Coyote... Guitar Shory at the Yale... CITR Hot Wednesday at the Pit Pub... Reggae featuring CITR's own DJ

George Barrett at Graceland... fashion show at the Hungry Eye... The Physic Cycle at Studio Seizieme... Glenn Spearman Double Trio at the OK Hotel (Seattle)... Senso (7:30 & 9:35pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Claire Kujundic exhibition "Recent Works" opens at Vancouver East Cultural Centre (until Nov. 23).

21 THU THE SMUGGLERS WITH THE SUBSONICS AT THE RAILWAY... Doughboys with Redd Kross and Hammerbox at the Commodore... TIMELIES festival: Marty Ehrlich Quartet at Vancouver East Cultural Centre, Glenn Spearman Double Trio at the Glass Slipper, Standing Wave at the Western Front... Guitar Shory at the Yale... Martin Simpson at the Wise Hall... Sub-Sonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub featuring Sex With Nisha and Mr. Melodist... Psychadelia featuring Betsy Bloom at Graceland... The Physic Cycle at Studio Seizieme... Techné (8pm) at Video In... Not Crazy Like You Think (7:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

22 FRI Tsunami with Feed Your Baby Head and Fish Pinks at the Cruel Elephant on Station Street... Mait with Rose Chronicles and Bum at UBC SUB Ballroom... TIMELIES festival: Glenn Spearman Double Trio at the Glass Slipper, M.O.R.E. at the Western Front... Sweet Dick at the Railway... Guitar Shory at the Yale... Octoberfest '93 at the Commodore... DJ David Hawkes at Graceland... The Physic Cycle at Studio Seizieme... Sweetie Nipples with Love on Ice and Crowaddies at the OK Hotel (Seattle)... Sex & Death: In the Realm of the Senses (7:30pm) and Mator (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

23 SAT CITR 101.9 IM PRESENTS UNREST WITH STEREOLOAB AT THE TOWN PUMP... TIMELIES festival: Michele Rosewoman & Quintessence at Vancouver East Cultural Centre, Brad Turner Quartet and Kane/Taylor Exploration at the Glass Slipper, Francois Houle & Andreas Kahre at the Western Front... The Show Business Giants at the Railway... Sick Stick Yeah at the Cruel Elephant on Station Street... Sweet Dick at the Railway... Guitar Shory at the Yale... La Magana at the Wise Hall... The Chiflains with John McDermott at the Pit Pub... The Physic Cycle at Studio Seizieme... Octoberfest '93 at the Commodore... The Physic Cycle at Studio Seizieme... Tsunami at Rockcadancy (Seattle)... Easy Big Fella with Durango 95 and 100 Men at the OK Hotel (Seattle)... Techné (9pm) at Video In... Sex & Death: In the Realm of the Senses (7:30pm) and Mator (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Julian Davies lecture "The Rise and Fall of Antibiotics" at Woodward IRC lecture Hall 2 (8-15pm)... Saturday Afternoon Live at Vancouver East Cultural Centre...

24 SUN TIMELIES festival: Hal Gelper Trio at the Glass Slipper, Bill Smith & David Lee & Jim Nunn at the Western Front... movies of the week at the Railway... Arts Action: Film & Video from FAVA (7:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

25 MON Do Flava at Graceland... Reading Railroad at the Railway... Criminals in Love at Vancouver East Cultural Centre (until Nov. 13)... Arts Action: Film & Video from FAVA (7:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

26 TUE CITR 101.9 IM PRESENTS SHINDIG '93 AT THE RAILWAY WITH BANDS TBA... Johnny V with Triple Threat at the Yale... Cruel 70s Disco at the Commodore... Noise Bar at Graceland... P-Funk Tuesdays with DJ Vennell and DJ Thomas at the Hungry Eye...

27 WED Leaders of the New School with The Rascales and DJ Kilo Cue at the Hungry Eye... The Show Business Giants at the Railway... Johnny V with Triple Threat at the Yale... CITR Hot Wednesday at the Pit Pub... Reggae featuring CITR's own DJ George Barrett at Graceland... La Terra Terna (7:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

28 THU The Show Business Giants at the Railway... Sub-Sonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub featuring Shins and Easy Access... Johnny V with Triple Threat at the Yale... Sarah MacLachlan with Ginger at the Vogue... Psychadelia featuring Betsy Bloom at Graceland... Kilgore Trout with Waves of Snacks at the OK Hotel (Seattle)... Vigor (7:30pm) and My Blue Heaven (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

29 FRI Brand New Unit with the Bombshells, Mother Tongue and The Melting Newmans at the Cruel Elephant on Station Street... Johnny V with Triple Threat at the Yale... The Real McKenzies at the Railway... DJ David Hawkes at Graceland... Etoulee at the Hungry Eye... Boogie Brown Band with Peace, Love & Guitars at the OK Hotel (Seattle)... Time Codes: Recent takes in feminist Video (9pm) at Video In... The Northerners (7:15pm) and Vigor (9:35pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

30 SAT Johnny V with Triple Threat at the Yale... The Real McKenzies at the Railway... CITR's own DJ Noah at Graceland... ElSteiner with Gonja Formers at the OK Hotel (Seattle)... The Supporting Cast closes at the Physic Cycle... As You Like It closes at Ingara Studio 58... Alery arrives at the Joyce Ann... The Coast is Queen and Queens City... Exhibitions artist and curator talks at the Community Arts Council (7:30pm)...

31 SUN Kenny Kravitz with Blind Melay at the Pacific Coliseum... Outrivers with Faith & Disease and Drunk at One at the OK Hotel (Seattle)... scary movie night at the Railway... Auslander Video exhibition by Marisa Griek, Akiko Hada, Gavin Hodge, Kazuo Koyasu closes at Video In... The Province (7:30pm) and Evenings (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

Happy 20th
 Birthday ☺
 Joanne



Love
 Natalie

Castleland

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ON SALE AT ZULU THIS MONTH



Curve

• Cuckoo

The third full-length release by Curve, *Cuckoo*, successfully places them in a league of their own amongst British indie pop styles. Their emphasis on percussion and rhythm makes them more dance friendly than their contemporaries, yet they retain the guitar distortion and breathy vocals for which they're known. This album is a little more intense and moody, but the quality is consistent with Curve's previous releases.

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Buffalo Tom

• Big Red Letter Day

One of Boston's finest is back! Long awaited new stuff by the Buffalo Tom boys proving once again that they know how to rock. *Big Red Letter Day* brings us a more grown-up band playing catchy pop tunes with a slight country-folk disposition.

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Revolving Cocks

• Linger Fickin' Good

They're at it again — the only post-industrial "super group" to become more popular than the bands it grew from. *Linger Fickin' Good* is a prime example of industrial-meets-dance. It has the brutal aggressiveness of the former combined with the thumping repetition of the latter. No doubt their cover of "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy" will garner most attention, but don't pass up the guest appearance by Timothy "psychadelics to cybernetics" Leary.

14.98cd / 9.98cass



Melvins

• Houdini

Dirgy, wailing piles of distorted heaviness hit you like a slow blow to your lower mid-section. Grab a chair — The Melvins are back. *Houdini* is their strongest and most diverse record to date, filled with songs both tender and massive. Indeed, a truly mighty release. Oh yeah, did we mention the Kiss cover version?

14.98cd / 9.98cass

Dead Can Dance

• Into The Labyrinth

Get out your incense and candles. Dead Can Dance have returned with brand new material! They are still evocative and eclectic, but they've travelled further east for a more exotic influence. In between these "trips" to the Middle East, Asia, and even Africa, they continue to treat us to some of their trademark sombre tunes.

14.98cd / 9.98cass

Flop

• Whenever You're Ready

Flop? Who? The Pacific NorthWest's best kept secret, that's who! Seattle's pop darlings bounce out of their major label corner with a second release and an exuberance unmatched in a region full of musician's cleaning the dirt from their fingernails. "Whenever you're ready", Flop's hook-drippin' ditties are waiting. Just follow the trail of Pez™ spilling out of their pockets.

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Madder Rose

• Bring It Down

A sleepy debut from this NYC stripped-down rock quartet. *Bring It Down* features a melodic sensibility paired against the moody voice of Mary Lourson. In recent shows, they blew their high-profile tour-mates away — find out why. Enough said, it's strongly recommended.

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Remote is the follow-up ep to Perfume Tree's very successful and critically-praised *Dust* album released in the summer of 1992. Here's some of what was said about *Dust*:

Dust is a full-length debut filled with dissonance and beauty often side by side... a great ambient pop conglomeration complete with innovative sampling... they create a heavy ambient groove by mixing a variety of styles atop a dub bass backbone, fusing all elements into a true organic entity... if Adrian Sherwood collaborated with Dead Can Dance, a similar creation might result. CMJ

Remote contains over 45 minutes of music, including three mixes of two new tracks, *Sea* and *Faintmagic*, and a remix of *Rosy Cross*, from the album *Dust*.

Remote is also available at:

A&B Sound, Sam's, Track Records, Black Swan, Boom Records, Scratch Records, HMV (Richmond), Blast, Silver Disc (Richmond), Odyssey Records.

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